

# GOKULAM

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# GOKULAM

Vol. IV, No. 10



April 1992

Dear Children,

April is a sunny month — a month for fun, and laughter! For, the first of April is a day that starts off on a note of laughter — Fools' Day!

We used to play silly, harmless, tricks on each other at school. Let me tell you of one that was played on me on this 'memorable' day.

April 1st, 7.00 am., the telephone rang. It was my best friend.

"No school today!" he gasped. "The principal has declared a holiday!"

I was thrilled. I put up my legs and began to read a story-book. The telephone rang once again at 8 o'clock.

"April Fool!" laughed my friend down the line.

"Goodness!" I groaned, scrambled into my uniform, and grabbed my bag.

I managed to reach school on time, but with my hair uncombed, my shoe-laces undone, and gasping for breath! And in his enthusiasm to play the trick on me, my friend too, was late!

Of all created things, the loveliest  
And most divine are children.

—William Canton.

Love,

*Editor*  
Editor.

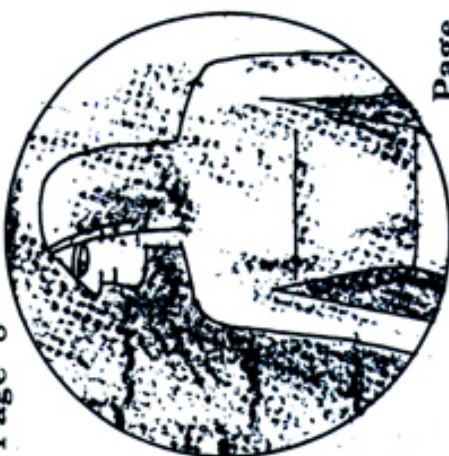




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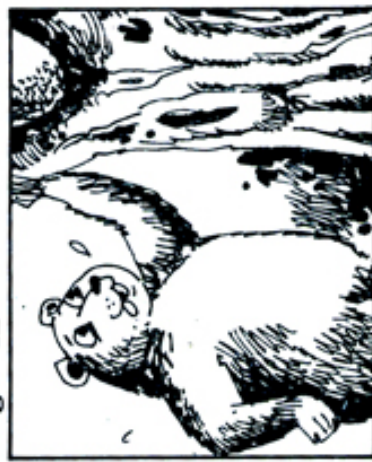
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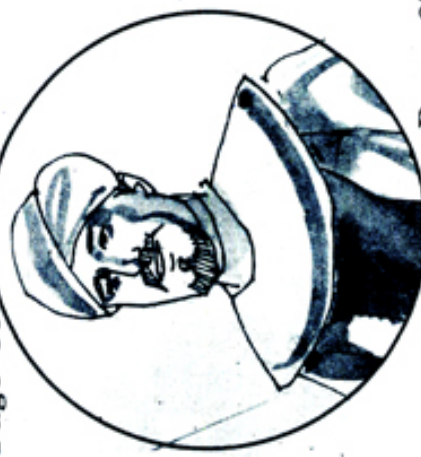
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Cover illustration : JAYARAJ



# LETTER BOX



Dear Editor,

☞ My older sister was affected by polio when she was four years old. Since then, she has never been able to run. The girls and boys in her school help her, but I know how she feels. Their help is coloured by pity. At break, they leave her in a corner and run off to play. She says, that she does not want their pity. She wants their friendship and encouragement, but not just their sympathy.

What would you do and how would you feel if you were in my sister's place?

**Aarti Mehra, aged 12,  
Bombay - 400 094.**

Dear Editor,

☞ In the editorial page of each issue, your signature is not clear. May I know your name, please?

**R. Harini, aged 15,  
Krishnaswami Matriculation  
School, Madras.**

*My name appears on page 96 of each issue.* Ed.

Dear Editor,

☞ I am a regular reader of 'Gokulam'. I think there should be

more picture stories....

**V. Sridhar, aged 13,  
Kendriya Vidyalaya,  
Palakkad.**

Dear Editor,

☞ This is with reference to Hema Srinivasan's letter (March '92 issue). I think there should be exams, and parents should help children think that exams and studies are a part of life, as entertainment is.

**S. Hemalatha, aged 16,  
Bombay - 400 057.**

Dear Editor,

☞ Exams are necessary if we are to find out how good we are in our subjects...

**K. Aravinth Marisamy, aged 11,  
Ananth School,  
Madurai.**

Dear Editor,

☞ Please publish some games in 'Gokulam'.

**S. Suhel Khayyam, std III,  
Kendriya Vidyalaya,  
Trichy.**

Dear Editor,

☞ Yesterday, I saw some men cutting trees in my lane because there are too many mosquitoes here.

That is not a good reason to cut trees. They could have called the municipality and had the area





*These letters are reactions to Zaheer Ahmed's letter in our February '92 issue.*

Dear Editor,

☞ Girls look good if they wear jeans. But boys wearing saris would

sprayed with insecticide.

Why do they cut trees when they cannot give life to any? One day, they will have to suffer hardships because there are no trees, and because there are no trees, there is no fresh air or birds....

Some of my friends want 'Gokulam'. Please publish a subscription form in the coming issues.

**Mitil K. Shah, aged 11,  
Little Angels High School,  
Bombay.**

Dear Editor,

☞ Though our countrymen have settled down in various parts of the world, they continue to love India.

Even when a cricket match is going on, why do they feel happy when India wins, and sad when our team loses?

This shows that they are proud to be Indians wherever they are.

**Payal, aged 11,  
Ahmedabad.**

Dear Editor,

☞ I do not agree with Ramanan N. (March '92 issue). All Kannadigas are not the same. If some people behaved badly, there are many others who came forward to rescue and help Tamilians in distress....

**B. S. Sanjay, aged 13,  
National High School,  
Bangalore.**



surely be laughed at because it is not a practical dress for them.

**Priya Raghavan, aged 11,  
Bangalore - 560 001.**

Dear Editor,

☞ Girls wear jeans and T-shirts because they find it comfortable, and not to imitate boys. If a boy finds a sari comfortable, let him wear it by all means.

Why should he care about others' laughter?

I feel that whatever dress we wear it should be neat and comfortable.

**A. R. Sharmilee, aged 11,  
Chengannur - 689 121.**

Dear Editor,

☞ Zaheer should understand that women wear modern clothes for their convenience. Women have no objection to Zaheer wearing a sari. Let him understand what an inconvenient dress it is!

Of course! We agree that people will laugh at him. But he should remember that women underwent the same experiences when they first began to wear what are thought to be men's clothes.

**V. Shilpa and  
M. Moomina Shamsun, Std IX,  
St. Joseph's Girls H.S.S.,  
Trichy.**

## AN OLD TALE

**C**roesus, the rich king was once captured by Cyrus, the King of Persia.

Now Cyrus was a very generous king. He gave away all that he had to people who needed them.

Croesus watched this and grew puzzled.

"If you give away all that you have," he told Cyrus. "You will remain poor. How rich you will be if you kept all your wealth like I do!"

"How much do you think I will have," asked Cyrus. "If I had kept all my wealth without giving it away?"

Croesus named a huge sum.

"Well," he said. "I shall get it right now."

**H**e sent messengers to all his friends and subjects saying



that he was in dire need for money.

After the messenger had carried out his orders, Cyrus took Croesus to see what his friends and subjects had given.

Croesus was amazed to see a great heap of gold, more than the sum he had mentioned.

"If I had hoarded my wealth," said Cyrus. "My subjects would have envied and hated me. Now, they love and trust me. I have more gold than I could ever have saved in my lifetime!"







## A SUMMER SURPRISE!

Something super awaits you in this issue. Turn to page 16.

**Q:** What can you take that you can never give back?

**A:** A bath!

**Nupur Parashar, aged 12, Kalpakkam.**



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## BACK TO HISTORY

**T**oday, it is known that the world began about 4,600 million years ago. By 'began', we mean the beginning of the actual earth, the sun and the planets. Life on earth evolved some 3,000 million years ago. And man came into this scene quite late. He began to evolve from the lower animals only 2¼ million years ago! And here we are, in the year 1992, living in a social set-up, with a government and laws to control us.

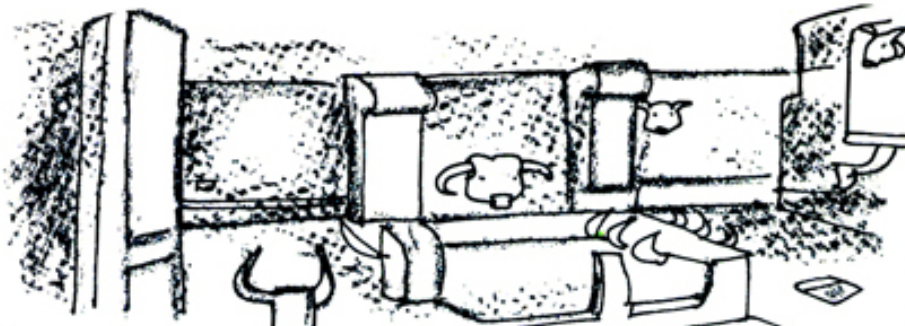
**B**ut let me go back to the first men and women who peopled the world. They were nomads, wandering about in search of food and comfortable places to live in. They lived a dangerous life — who knows

**B**efore 3500 B.C.\* there were no written records of the world. It seems strange, doesn't it, to think that people existed then, but left nothing behind to tell us of the lives they led! What did they eat? Did they live in caves? How did they look?

The earliest of written history, are the cave paintings and inscriptions written on rocks and stone slabs. They do not tell us much actually — only the names of kings, dates and records.

\* Remember that the years in B.C. are counted in decreasing order.





*One of Man's First Towns*

# ÇATAL HÜYÜK

**I**n southern Turkey, one of the earliest settlements was excavated at Catal Hüyük. It covered some 13 hectares of land.

Archeological evidence shows that this settlement existed for about 1,000 years, from 6500 B.C.

The people who lived there were skilled craftsmen who were specialized in their work.

They also had a well-developed religious life. Buildings were set apart as shrines — and statues and figurines have been unearthed.

which wild animal might attack when they went out hunting? Besides hunting, they gathered fruits and roots to eat. They used the simplest of tools and implements made of stone and

bones.

Civilization began when these nomadic men stopped wandering and began to live together. When they lived alone, I guess, they could live any way they wanted. But once they began to live together, man realized that there should be some basic rules that everybody should follow. So that's how the first settlement must have started.

**A**bout 12,000 years ago, man began his first attempts at farming. With this more advancements began to take place. The first boats were

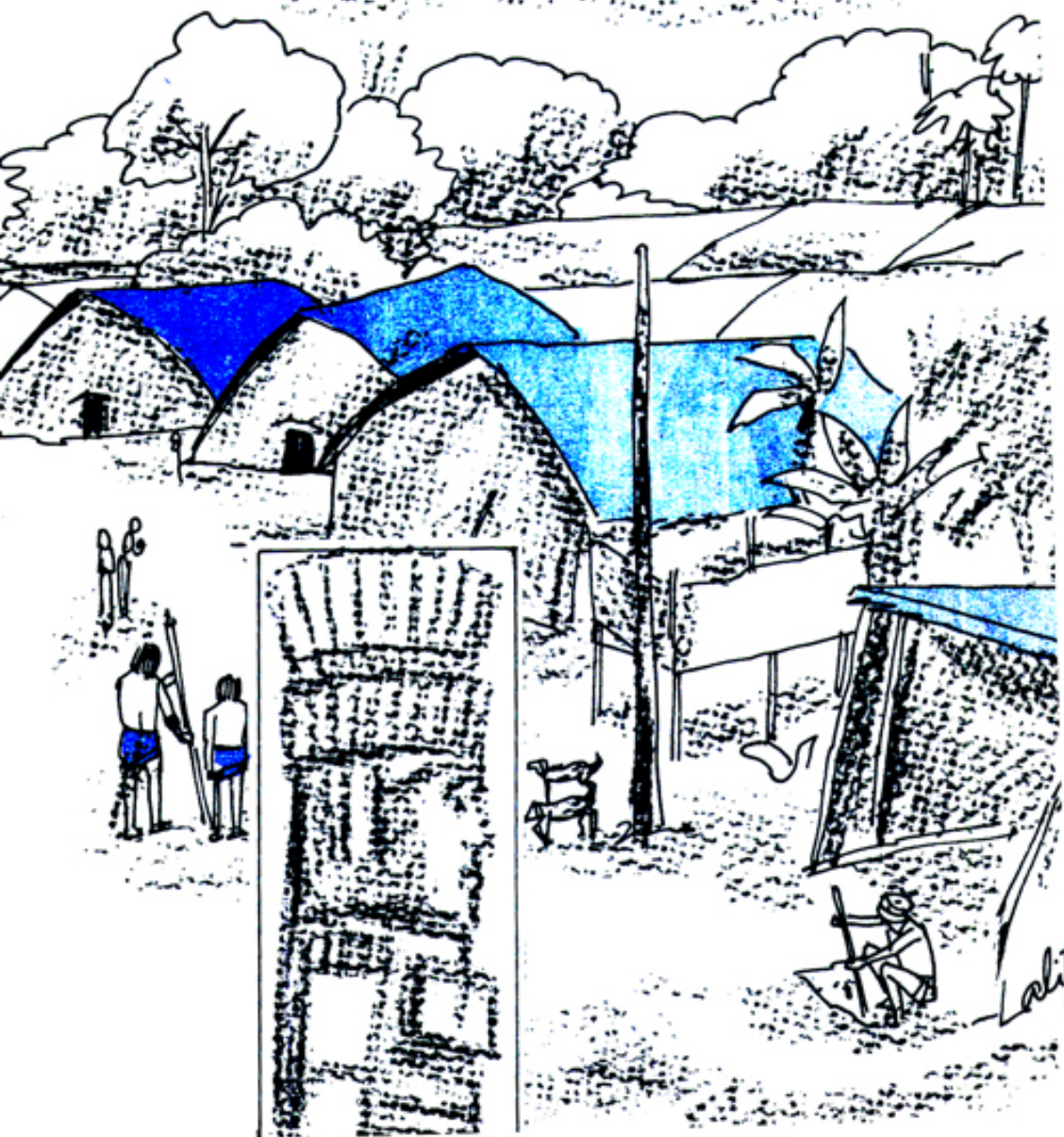


built, and fish traps and nets were made. Dogs were tamed and trained to help in hunting. The basic tool kits became better — the weapons too, improved.

So there they were, living in communities, farming, building houses and little villages. Gone were the days when food had

to be got by gathering. Now food was grown where men lived, and animals were domesticated and reared for meat. Food could be stored.

There would be no more cold, harsh hungry winter days when there was no food to be hunted or gathered. The first settlements in civilization had begun. ■





## MY DREAM

I was doing sums in Algebra,  
When suddenly I saw a cobra,  
I jumped upon a zebra,  
And went straight to Agra!

There I met a girl named Flora,  
She was suffering from cholera,  
She was saying some mantras,  
I gave her a drink of 'Citra'!

**R. Shanthipushan, Std. IX,**  
Madras - 600 054.



WATCH OUT FOR THE MAY '92 ISSUE OF

# GOKULAM

Filled with new puzzles, games, things to  
make and do.....

Send your stories,  
poems, puzzles, jokes and  
other contributions to :  
The Editor,  
Gokulam (English),  
Race Course Road,  
Guindy, Madras - 600 032

TO KEEP  
BUSY  
THIS  
SUMMER!

# TOWARDS GOOD HEALTH

**T**he first rule of good health is cleanliness. Unless you keep your surroundings clean, you cannot take the first step towards good health.

*Here are some simple basic tips towards good health.*

## **1. Do not litter**

It is important that you use a dustbin. An old cardboard box or a plastic tub will do. Get into the habit of using it even for sweet-wrappers and rough bits of paper you throw about.

Try not to be lazy by aiming your rubbish through the window!



## **2. Good Habits**

Get into the habit of keeping your own space at home clean by yourself. Dust your table, make your own bed, clean your windowsill and grills every week, and you'll see the difference!

Don't ask your mother to do all these things for you!

Wash your hands well after these tasks.



### **3. Rubbish — inside or outside?**

Rubbish is the same inside your house or outside it. So make sure all the rubbish in your house reaches the right place — the corporation dustbin in your locality.

If your locality does not have one, you can always approach your town or city corporation and arrange to have a dustbin placed.



### **4. Keep yourself clean**

When you come home after playing with your friends, wash your face, hands and legs with soap.

Examine your nails! I am sure they collect dirt most of the time, after the rough and tough of games!

Clean them thoroughly using a nail file if necessary. Do not use a safety pin or a sharp instrument to do that. It can be dangerous.



**O**nce you begin to follow these simple rules of cleanliness, good health is easy!

The World Health Day falls on April 7th. Begin these summer holidays on a clean and healthy note!

**AUNTY LEELA**

**Y**ou must have seen the flurry of activity on television last month, over the announcement of the new budget. If you had the patience to watch some of them you would have been amazed at the discussions, arguments, and speeches that took place. This year, the budget is more important than it was any other year. And with good reason too.



**O**ur economy is facing a 'crisis'. Prices are increasing, and our national deficit is growing... The money resources



with the government are at its lowest ever, and people cannot be taxed any more. So our Finance Minister has come up with a 'bold' budget.

**W**hat this means is that he is facing the 'recession' (backward fall) of our economy and is trying to put it right. To do this, the government needs to collect revenue without taxing the people more; allow industries to grow and remove all the obstacles in the way of exports. It also has to bring a lot of reforms in the way taxes are levied and cut down on government expenditure.



**T**axes on 'luxuries' like cigarettes, cocoa-based products, watches, etc. have been increased. Which means chocolates will be costlier than ever before!



But, economists feel that there are no real changes in the taxation policy in this budget. There has also been no effort to bring down government expenditure.



**A**lso, the budget allocations for education and rural development have been severely cut. This is not good, because we have to go a long way in these two sectors. How many illiterate people are still there in our country!

away with. This is to help bring in export-revenue as well as to allow foreign concerns to trade in India, bringing in much-needed foreign exchange. All these measures will help combat the recession.

**A**nother important 'reform' is that gold import (upto

## A BITTER-SWEET BUDGET!

**M**any procedures (which were unnecessary) in export, trading in world-markets, etc, have been done

five kilos) is allowed! This is surely a punch in the nose for smugglers, who alas!, will not find it profitable anymore, to sneak in the 'yellow-stuff', at the dead of night!

So let's keep our fingers crossed and hope that we will pull out of all the troubles our economy is in. After all, we don't want to lose a simple pleasure like chocolates, to more price problems, do we?

To be continued.

ECONOMICS AND YOU



## RECIPE



## PINEAPPLE COOLER

**A** slurpy, co-o-ol drink to beat the summer heat!

### You need :

- 1 cup pineapple juice
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup coconut milk
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup milk
- 2 cups crushed ice
- Sugar to taste

### How to make it :

Stir the pineapple juice, coconut milk and milk together. Add sugar and crushed ice, and stir well.

A yummy pineapple cooler for your tummy!

**V.R. Sathyanarayanan,  
Madras - 600 017.**



**Teacher :** I told you to write a hundred times - 'I will not do my English homework badly again!' You have written it only fifty-five times.

**Anant :** Yes, sir. But I am bad at maths too!

**M.D. Devaraj,  
Madras - 600 017**



**W**-e-ll! The surprise does have something to do with this month. A special month, don't you agree? Could it be on page 30?



# THE 'CRACKER' SMUGGLERS

**T**he bursting of redforts added to the festive mood of the Diwali season. Rakesh, Ravi and Prashanth were enjoying themselves watching the opening ceremony of a new cracker shop.

By evening, business was picking up, as the crowds increased. The boys continued to watch the crowds.

"Look at the man," said Prashanth suddenly. "Does he look as if he'd spend even a rupee on crackers? But look how much he's buying!"

"He's buying only flower-pots," noted Rakesh.

The man looked like a ruffian. He quickly bundled the packets and went off without paying for them. The shopkeeper did not ask for the money either!

The boys' curiosity was aroused. They followed the ruffian. The man walked through a little-used road, went around

a big oak tree, and suddenly turned back the way he came. The boys dived into nearby bushes. The ruffian walked back down the road.

"Did you notice," hissed Prashanth, "he has no boxes in his hands now?"

He was just going to sneak behind the oak tree when they heard footsteps. He once again dived into the bushes.

A well-dressed man went behind the oak tree and returned with the box of crackers!

"I don't understand...." mut-



tered Rakesh.

"Let's watch tomorrow," said Prashanth, thoughtfully.

The next evening, the ruffian took more flower-pots from the cracker shop. This time, the boys noticed that the shop-keeper took them out of a special box. The boys followed the man once more. He placed the boxes behind the oak tree, and walked back the way

they realized that he was the owner!

Back in their house, the boys discussed the mystery.

"That ruffian works in that cracker shop!" Rakesh told the other two.

"Let's see what's inside the cracker box," said Prashanth. "This is a real puzzle."

To their disappointment there were only flower-pots in-



he came. Rakesh followed him. They were placed in a hollow in the tree. He quickly snatched a box, for he could hear footsteps.

The same well-dressed man of the previous evening came along, took the boxes, and hurried off. Prashanth and Ravi followed him. To their surprise, he entered a well-known jewellery shop on the main road, and

side! "How funny!" muttered Ravi. "Why are they so secretive about this?"

"Why don't we see what's inside the flower-pots?" suggested Rakesh.

"Gosh! You're right!" exclaimed Prashanth.

Sure enough! From the flower-pots came a stream of glittering gems....! The boys



were speechless.

**“W**hat an ingenious way to smuggle things!” said Prashanth.

“Smuggling?” asked Ravi in surprise.

“The cracker shop owner probably smuggles them from Bangladesh,” he said pointing to a tiny label at the bottom of the box. “He can easily sell them in his shop, and I am sure the

the cracker shop to the oak tree. The other two were already hiding in the trees and bushes nearby. The unsuspecting ruffian went round the oak and placed the boxes as usual, but never returned. The police got him.

A few minutes later, the jeweller arrived. The police caught him red-handed with the cracker boxes in his hands.

Soon, they were spilling the



ruffian does all the dirty work!”

“Sounds logical....” said Rakesh. “Let’s do it this way....”

Working on Rakesh’s plan, they approached the city police Inspector. He did not believe them at first, but when he saw the gems, he had to! He agreed to the boys’ plan.

**T**he next evening, only Ravi followed the ruffian from

beans in the nearby police station. The cracker-shop owner was involved too. By evening, he too, was in police custody.

As for the boys, they got a surprise present from the inspector — a gift box of crackers!

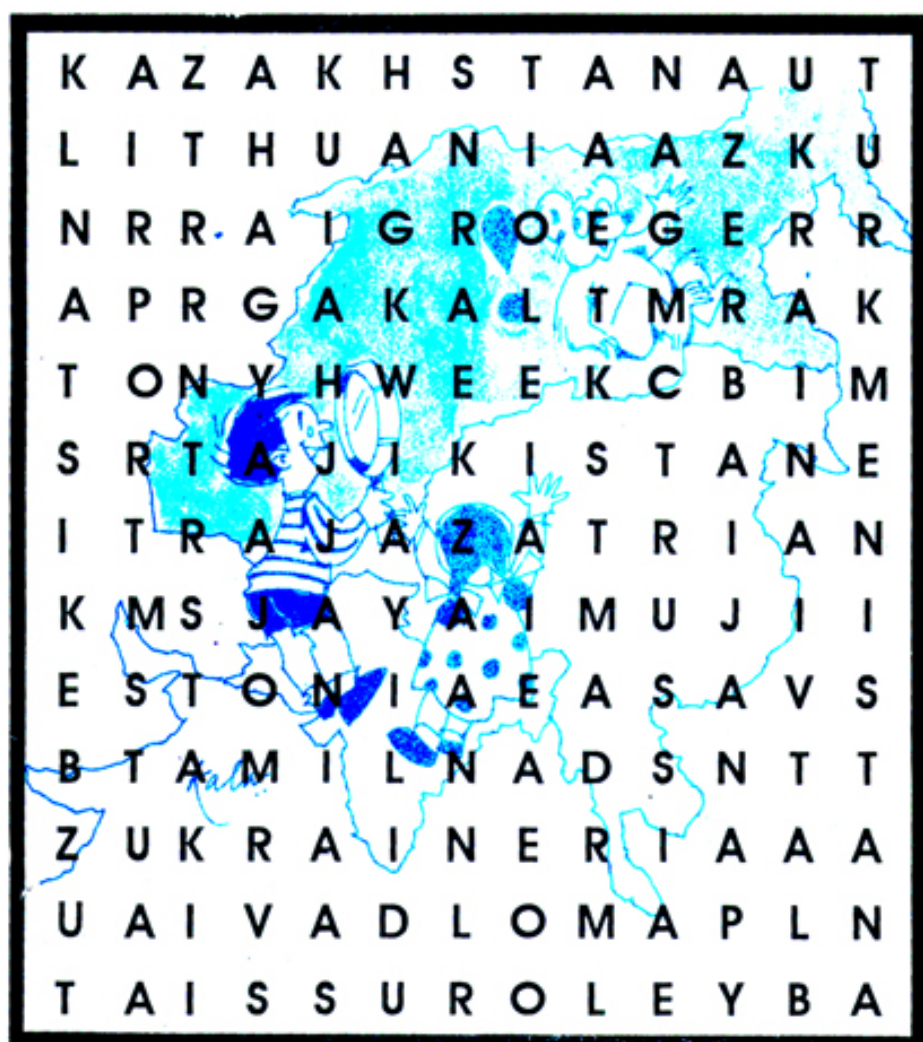
“Do you think,” asked Ravi grinning. “There will be special flower pots for us too?”

**J. Jayanthra, aged 14,  
Coimbatore - 641 045.**

# PUZZLE

## NEW COUNTRIES

The names of some of the new countries that broke away from what was formerly the U.S.S.R., are hidden in this grid. Can you find them?



Solution on page 91

V. Gomathy Priya, aged 12,  
Auxilium Girls Higher Secondary School,  
Vellore - 632 006.



## TELL TALE!

The names of some famous fairy tales are written below. But I am not sure I've got their names right. Can you help me?

SNOW BEAUTY  
HANSEL AND CINDERELLA  
ROSE HOOD AND THE FORTY DWARFS  
GOLDILOCKS AND THE BABA  
UGLY GRETTEL  
RED RIDING BEANSTALK  
JACK AND LITTLE ALI  
RED AND THE SLEEPING WHITE  
SEVEN WHITE THIEVES  
SNOW DUCKLING



Vinil Menon,  
Bombay.

Dear Vinil,

You have not given your complete address. Please send it to us. Ed.

## FUN WITH 'UT'!

Fill up the blanks with the help of the clues given below.

- 1) A type of house built especially in villages - UT
- 2) To make two parts of something - UT
- 3) The favourite of squirrels - UT
- 4) A conjunction (easy if you know your grammar!) - UT

R. Sri Vishnupriya, aged 13,  
Women's Peace League School, Bangalore.

## ANIMAL HOUSES!

1. A pig lives in a.....
2. A lion lives in a.....
3. A dog lives in a.....
4. A frog lives in a.....
5. A rabbit lives in a.....

S. Rajiv, aged 6,  
Bangalore - 560 010.



# I TOO CAN(E) BEAT!

**T**he bell rang and I came out of school, tears in my eyes. The twins, Ram and Shyam had troubled me the whole day. When I had been about to sit down, they had pulled the chair, and down I had fallen. The next time I sat down, they had poured water on the chair, and the seat of my pants had become wet.

**O**nce, they stuck a flexible stick to my pant and the whole class began to tease me saying I had a tail! Then they

put a live cockroach on my lap and you can guess what happened! Or they would stick a paper on my shirt that said I was a clown. And when I went to the playground, I found myself the Pied Piper of Hamelin!

My anger knew no bounds. But I could not do anything, as there was a lot of co-operation between them. They troubled me the whole day and made my life wretched.

**O**ne day, as I was busy writing an essay, the twins tied the lace of my shoe





to the chair. When the teacher called me to the blackboard, I realized the problem. I had to cut the lace to move quickly. But my feet kept popping out of the shoe. I had to carry my shoes home.

When the teachers heard of it, they laughed. I, too, had to admit that it was funny. But why should they play jokes only on me? Why didn't the teachers understand my plight? Why was I the target for all these incidents? I swore to take revenge on Ram and Shyam. *But how?* I found an answer to that question the next day.

**R**am and Shyam had troubled me as usual. But all 'good things' (for them) have to come to an end.

I walked home, along a

deserted road, sobbing, because that day they had hit me badly and my tooth had broken. I prayed to God to help me in taking revenge.

I saw a sage meditating beneath a tree and walked upto him. I joined my hands and he opened his eyes. He said, "I know your difficulties, son. And I have a plan to take revenge on those boys."

"What plan? What plan?" I asked eagerly.

"You will change into the cane with which the teacher hits the students. And the cane which is now lying in your classroom will take your place and sit in your chair. When you wish to take your original form I will help you."

"Great!" I said, clapping gleefully.

"But!" the sage said, "what





would you do if they behave well in class? Then the teacher will have no reason to hit them and you, as the cane, will have no chance for revenge."

"Come nearer", commanded the sage, and he recited a small *mantra*. "If you recite this *mantra*, the boys will behave badly even if they don't want to. Then you can hit them as much as you want."

So saying he vanished into the air.

**M**y eyes were no longer filled with tears. I was all smiles. I jumped and clapped my hands in glee. All of a sudden, I flew into the air and reached my classroom. I changed into a cane and sat on the teacher's desk. The cane became me.

The long awaited occasions

came. The class teacher came in and started teaching Maths. As usual, the twins played mischief on my false figure. The teacher noticed them, got angry, and grabbed me (I was the cane, remember?).

"Whooooooooosh!"

I came down and gave one on each of their backsides. They yelled in pain. They were made to kneel down. They sat clutching their backsides the whole period.

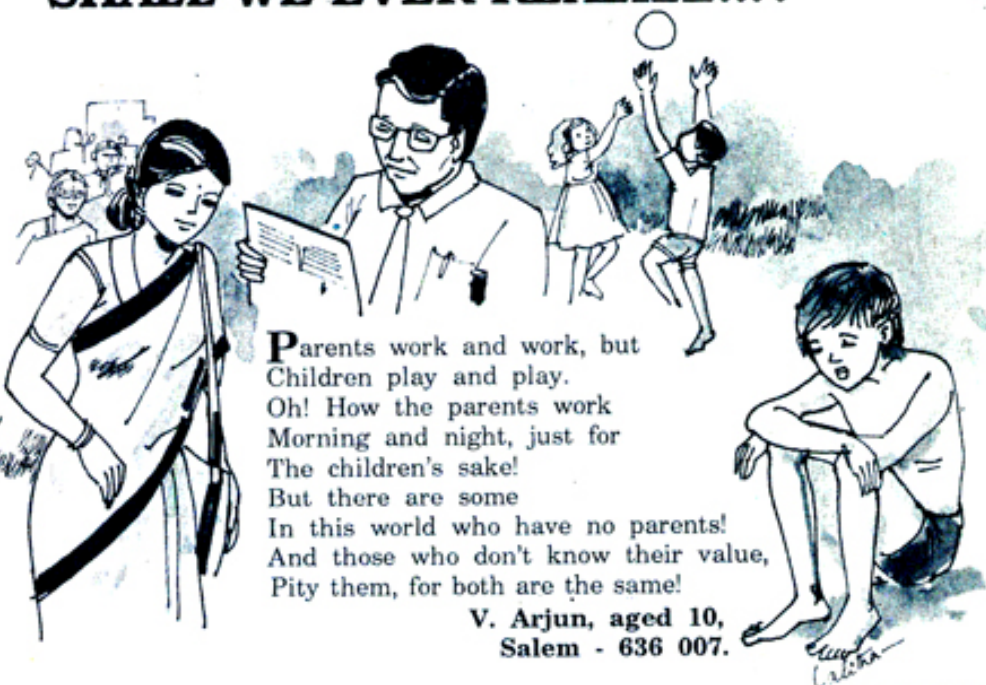
And the next day, both could not answer questions in class, and I beat them several times.

**T**wenty days have passed since then. My life is no longer wretched. I now come out of school, a smile on my face.

**S. Arun, aged 12,  
Bangalore - 560 008.**



# SHALL WE EVER REALIZE...?



Parents work and work, but  
Children play and play.  
Oh! How the parents work  
Morning and night, just for  
The children's sake!  
But there are some  
In this world who have no parents!  
And those who don't know their value,  
Pity them, for both are the same!

V. Arjun, aged 10,  
Salem - 636 007.

## POETRY

### MY BROTHER

I have a brother whose name is Kartik  
He is a boy who can be fun.  
He is wonderful,  
And is thoughtful.

He plays with me,  
And can be as fast as a bee.  
He is my only brother,  
We will always stay together.

M. Dinesh, aged 11,  
Madras - 600 024.

Teacher : If you had 16  
cows, 10 buffaloes and 8 goats,  
what would you get?

Sonu : A lot of milk!

Prakash N., aged 14,  
Bangalore - 560 008



\* Scenes from Goan carnivals



\* The Mayem Lake



**G**oa, which lies on the west coast of India has natural golden beaches and colourful customs and traditions that capture the visitor's interest. It is the smallest state in the Indian Union.

This 'paradise' covers about

# GOA

3,814 square miles and has a population of about 10,086,730 people.

**G**oa was ruled by various Hindu, Muslim, Kadamba

and Vijayanagar kings. Then they were driven out by the Portuguese. Even now, their festivals, customs and traditions have western influences.

## GOA AT A GLANCE!

**Area :** 3,814 square miles

**Capital :** Panaji

**Population :** 10,086,730

**Languages :** Konkani and Marathi

**Food :** Fish and rice.

**Tourist spots :** The Basilica in Old Goa, which houses the casket containing the body of St. Francis Xavier, an Apostle of Goa.

Ponda — Aravelam waterfalls — Mayem lake — the Dud-sagar waterfalls — Bondla sanctuary — Aguada Fort.



**G**oa won freedom on 19th December 1961, when the Portuguese left after a rule that stretched over 451 years. Till May 30th 1987, Goa was a part of the Union Territory of Goa, Daman and Diu. It became the twenty-fifth state of the Indian Union by an act of Parliament.



\* One of the beaches...

**T**he cities of Goa are tiny, yet beautiful. Panaji is its capital. It was once a fishing

ie Basilica of Born Jesus in Old Goa



village, but is now one of the beautiful cities of India.

The Calangute beach is referred to as the Queen of Goa's beaches.

Throughout the year, there are colourful festivals in this state.

**Compiled by  
Suvajeet Maity, Std. VII,  
Orissa.**

\* Fisherwomen in traditional clothes



# A CANINE EXPERIENCE

**I**t is said that the dog was the first animal domesticated by man. I have come across many people who are afraid of dogs. I can only say that these people are missing a lot of fun. Having a pet dog is a great experience — and through this article, I hope to persuade at least a few readers to give shelter, and a little love to these dumb animals.

The wish to own a dog first originated when my brother and I began to read mystery novels, especially those of Enid Blyton. And we soon persuaded our parents to get us one.

**O**n the morning of 15th March, 1987, my father gave us a surprise. He went to Madras to get a puppy. Every minute of that day was like an hour to me. That night, a month-old, black, dachshund puppy spotted with tan patches, not more than 30 cms. long, arrived in a cardboard box.

After a heated discussion, we named him Sunny, as he

had arrived on a Sunday. Our house became silent only at 12.00 midnight, with the sounds of Sunny's whines from time to time.

**T**he next month was one filled with joy and happiness. It was as if a baby had been born in our house. Visitors who loved dogs came with presents like collars, biscuits, etc.

We did not have to tie him at all. The tiny puppy was frightened even of crows! When he saw one, he would run behind my mother. And he never used to bark! This made us worry. *Was there a problem with his voice?* But a couple of months later, out came his barks — he barked as if all his enemies in the world stood facing him!

**H**e used to eat whatever we gave him. We had to break-up his dog-biscuits, for his teeth were not strong enough to bite through them.



(But you should see his teeth now!)

Now, he's got 'tastes' of his own. He eats only egg, milk with biscuits and good sweets! If he does not like the food, he would do a non-violent, 'satyagraha' at the corner of the room, with a glum look in his eyes. He would not touch the food, and soon everybody would be fussing over him with love.

Sunny's only other hobby other than eating and sleeping, is going out for walks. Just say, "Walk!", and there is Sunny before you, whining, his tail wagging, bursting with excitement. .

During his childhood, he loved socks and my mother's saris — just to bite and tear! But my mother taught him a lesson by not talking to him, touching him, or petting him. Now, Sunny behaves better.



Sunny has a special cot, blanket and pillow, and takes four walks a day. When my father brings sweets home, it is Sunny who gets them first, and gets the most!

**A**fter Sunny arrived, our house has come to be known as the 'house of the people with a black dog'. Now relatives or visitors easily find our house, by asking people for directions in the above manner.

Sunny hates the word 'bath' totally. Just say it, and down goes his tail between his legs, and a gloomy look descends, followed by instant disappearance!

If we ever manage to catch him, there would be Sunny barking, my father shouting,

doors banging, and a lot of water around!

**T**he worst moment in Sunny's life, is when the suitcases are brought down, dusted and filled with our clothes. He knows very well that we are going away. On our return, all of us are licked thoroughly, and the suitcases are replaced in the attic to Sunny's satisfaction.

Today, if you ask me how life was four years ago, I cannot answer it. Life with Sunny is now a part of my life-story — and it will be unforgettable and memorable for ever and ever and ever.....

**M. Sirisha, aged 15,  
Kendriya Vidyalaya II,  
Kalpakam.**

**"No, no!"** says page 30. "The surprise is not on me! Why don't you ask page 34?"



**Q :** Why can't it rain continuously for two days?

**A :** 'Cause there's a night in between.

**N. Karthik Nagappan,  
Madurai - 625 020**



# THE LAZY SNAKE



**I**n a forest there once lived a snake. He was very lazy. When his friends went to school, he was busy playing! They often called him to school. But the snake simply ignored them.

"You'll learn to build a house at school," they told him. "And you'll learn to catch food and store it."

**T**ime passed. The rainy season came. All his friends built their houses and stored their food, but our snake did not bother his head about it at all.

**O**ne day, it rained heavily. All his friends were cosy

in their houses and were happy. But our snake had no shelter, nor did he have food.

He went to each of his friends, begging them for food and shelter.

"We have just enough space and food for ourselves," they said. "How can we share it with you?"

**A**t last, one morning, the snake lay dead under the trees.

All his friends felt sorry for him.

"If only he had come to school," they shook their heads sadly. "He would not have died."

So from that day onwards,



whenever any baby snake refused to go to school, he was told the story of our snake.

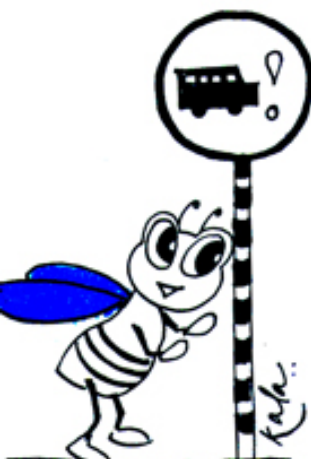
**F. Anto Johnny, aged 11,  
Kalpakkam.**

*Dear Anto Johnny,*

*You have not given your complete address. Please send it to us.*

*Ed.*

# RIDDLES



**Q :** Where do bees go for transport?

**A :** The *buzz stop*.

**Q :** What goes *zzub zzub*?

**A :** A bee flying backwards!

**Q :** What is a common disease in China?

**A :** *Kung - Flu*.

**Q :** How do you cut through waves?

**A :** Use a *sea saw*.

**Q :** What runs and whistles but cannot talk?

**A :** A train.

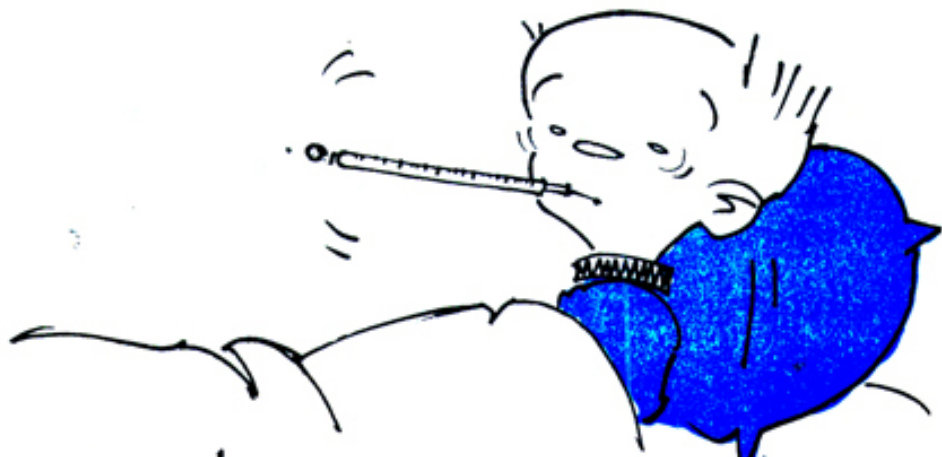
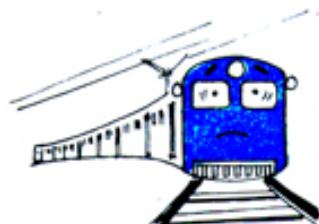
**Q :** Why did Dracula join the hockey team?

**A :** 'Cause there were bats!

**Q :** What key does a ghost use to enter a house?

**A :** A skeleton Key.

**G. Seshadri, aged 12,  
Bangalore - 560 084.**





# THE LORD OF THE EARTH

**L**ong, long ago, there lived only one man on Earth. His name was Kintu.

Now the daughter of Heaven saw him one day, and fell in love with him. She asked her father, the Great God of Heaven if she could marry him. The Great God agreed and Kintu was invited to Heaven.

**K**intu passed all the tests that the Great God put before him and was at last married to the daughter of Heaven. The Great God presented the couple with cows, goats, chickens and many other useful animals as well as plants.

"Do not ever return," warned the Great God. "For if you do, my son Death, whom I had not invited for your wedding, would see you and come

after you."

On the way home, Kintu suddenly found that he had forgotten to bring corn for the chickens.

"You go on to our house on earth," he told his wife. "I'll bring the corn in no time!"

His wife begged and pleaded with him not to return, but Kintu would not listen.

**K**intu went back to heaven and brought back the corn. Death saw him and wondered, "Who's this?", and followed him.

When he found Kintu married to his sister he flew into a terrible rage.

"I'll stay here forever with them," he decided.

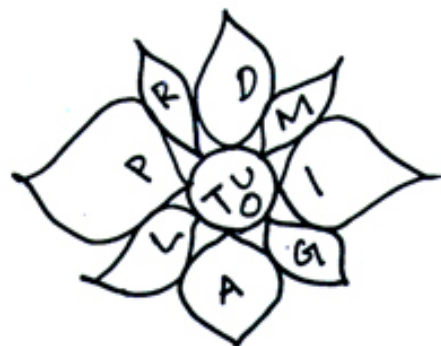
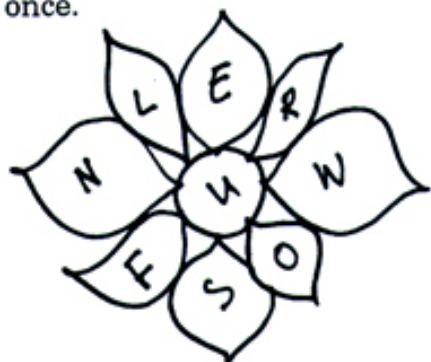
And from then on Death established himself as the lord of the Earth. ■



# PUZZLES

## Flower Fun!

Hidden in these three flowers are letters that spell out the names of six flowers. Can you find them? You can use the same letter more than once.



R. Vidya, aged 10,  
Bangalore - 10.



Hmm! It's not here either. Just scramble through pages 50-60. Maybe you'd find a clue!



## TRICKY PROBLEM!

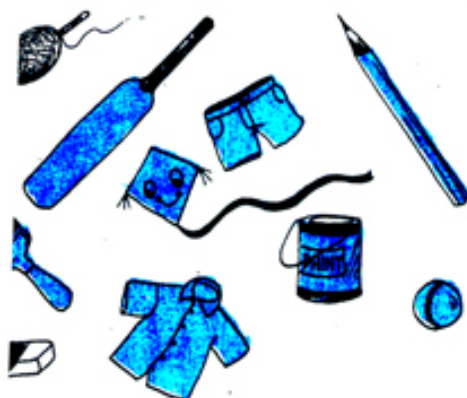
Can you make two squares and four right-angled triangles using just eight straight lines?

S. Swathi, aged 11,  
Madras - 600 028.

**Solution on page 58**



# MATCH THE FOLLOWING!



**Bhavesh Doshi, aged 11,  
Bombay - 92.**



**At a restaurant -**  
**Nitesh : Waiter! Do you serve lamb?**

**Waiter : Sorry sir! Animals are not allowed to dine here!**

**K.C. Nivedita, aged 12,  
Pondicherry - 605 011**

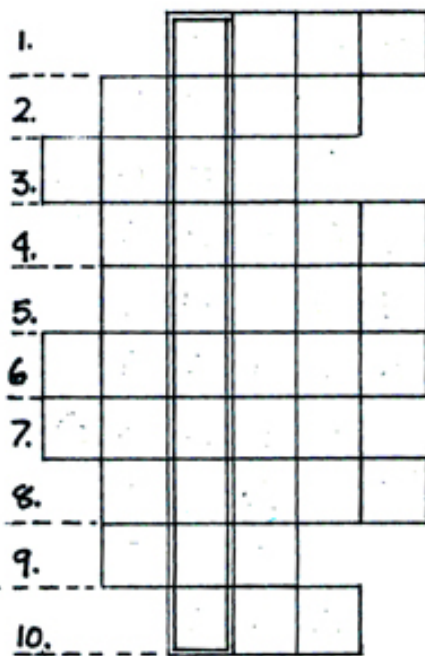
## MYSTERY WORD!

**W**ith the help of the clues, fill in the empty squares in the grid.

The letters in the longest column will read downwards to form a special word.

1. A fish
2. A store
3. A heavenly body
4. A person who acts
5. Shape of a circle
6. King's residence
7. A cereal
8. Beginning
9. To observe
10. Another name for ocean.

**V. Uma Maheshwari,  
aged 16,  
Tirupattur - 635 601.**



# Sohrab AND Rustem

*You must have read of the legend of Rustem's birth in the January '92 issue of our magazine.*

*This story tells you how, this great warrior known as the 'Shield of Persia', met his son.*

**R**ustem was one of the greatest warriors of Persia. Whole armies trembled at his name, and his enemies dreaded fighting with him.

Rustem's greatest friend was his horse called Rakush. Rakush was as brave as Rustem. He could kill lions and dragons with his terrible teeth and hard hooves. He had saved his master from difficult situations many times.

One day, Rustem, on one of his numerous travels, reached a foreign court. Here he saw a beautiful princess called Tanimah and fell in love with her. Tanimah loved Rustem too. So the two were married, and

they lived happily for some time.

**T**hen Rustem received a message from the Shah of Persia.

"Come at once," the Shah had written. "Enemies surround our country, and we need your help."

Rustem had to leave his beautiful wife.

"Keep this onyx stone," he told Tanimah. "And give it to the child that will be born to us."

Tanimah sorrowfully promised.

"Do not tell anybody of our marriage," said Rustem. "For if my people know that I have



married a girl from another land, they might think ill of me."

So Rustem set out on his mission of war.

Tanimeh gave birth to a son, who was a pretty and sunny-natured child. She named it Sohrab, which means '*child of many smiles*'.

Now, Tanimeh knew that if she sent word to Rustem of their son's birth, he would want to make Sohrab into a warrior too.

"Then he would take Sohrab to the wars and I'd be all alone," she thought.

So she sent word to Rustem that a daughter had been born to them.

Years passed. Sohrab grew up to be a strong and handsome youth.

"Tell me of my father," he begged Tanimeh.

"You are old enough to know," said Tanimeh. "So I'll tell you. You are the son of the great warrior Rustem."

Sohrab's heart swelled with joy.

"Am I the great Rustem's son?" he cried. "Then I must be worthy of him."

And he began to dream of following in his father's footsteps.

"I shall form an army," he decided.

And in spite of Tanimeh's entreaties, Sohrab collected an





army and prepared to set off to find his father.

"Bless me, mother," he said. "I shall find the great Rustem and proclaim myself his son."

**N**ow, the Shah of Persia at that time, was a bad ruler

named Kai Koos.

"My father will make a better ruler," thought Sohrab. "I shall unseat Kai Koos and make my father the Shah."

So Sohrab marched forward, and everywhere he went, he heard wonderful tales of his father. His heart swelled with pride.

Meanwhile, Kai Koos was astounded.

"Who is this Sohrab who wants to attack us?" he cried in the Persian court.

Nobody knew.

"Kill him!" he cried. "He wants to take my throne."

So Sohrab found many traps and difficulties on his way. But he overcame them all and continued onwards.

Finally, Kai Koos, in desperation sought Rustem, little knowing what he was doing.

"Save me and my throne, Rustem," he entreated. "Only you can defeat this unknown boy who wishes to attack me."

Rustem had heard much of Sohrab's bravery, but he too, knew nothing of him. Sohrab had kept his secret well.

**T**hen one day, the great army of Kai Koos, met Sohrab and his army on a wide plain.

Sohrab challenged the Persian warriors to single combat.

One by one, the Persian



warriors stepped forward, and fell at Sohrab's hands.

Finally, Kai Koos went to Rustem once more.

"Only you can slay him," he begged.

"Nay. I won't fight him," said Rustem, turning away. "Shall it be said that the Persian warriors are so weak, the great Rustem himself had to come to kill a youth?"

He saw Kai Koos' plight and said, "I shall go disguised. None shall know that I am Rustem."

**S**o the next day, he stood face to face with Sohrab on the plain.

"My daughter will be his age," he thought with a pang.

"Who are you?" asked Sohrab. "Are you Rustem?"

"Rustem, come and fight

you?" laughed Rustem. "He is resting in his camp."

The two began to fight.

"I have met my match," thought Rustem in wonder.

They fought all day, and through the evening.

"Why do you ask for Rustem?" asked Rustem.

"Why else?" laughed Sohrab. "Maybe to kill him?"

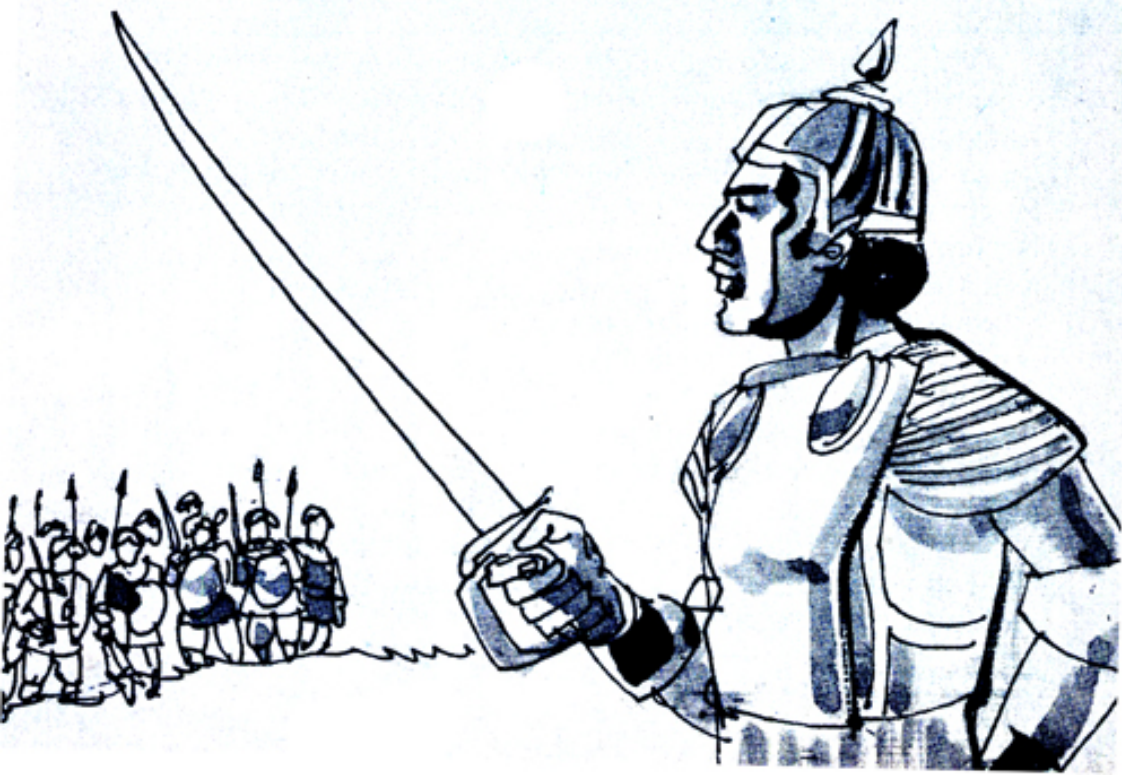
They fought as night fell.

"Let's part now," said Rustem. "And meet again tomorrow."

Sohrab agreed. But he began to doubt the identity of the warrior. *Could he be Rustem?*

**T**he next morning, they met again.

"Are you Rustem?" asked Sohrab, once again.







"Why should Rustem fight a beardless boy like you?" cried Rustem in anger.

And this time, the boy fought so well, that an angry Rustem thought, "I must slay him today!"

So with all his strength, he renewed his attack with his usual war-cry of, "Rustem!"

As Sohrab heard it, his arm fell in surprise. Rustem's sword pierced his side.

"My father," gasped Sohrab. "You are my father."

"But I have no son," replied

Rustem in sorrow.

Then, the dying Sohrab removed the *onyx* stone which his mother had fastened around his arm.

Rustem gave a great cry and wrapped Sohrab in his arms. The warriors standing around in battle-array looked on in great wonder.

There, in his father's arms, Sohrab died. Rustem wrapped his cloak about his own face and sat silently beside his dead son, as darkness fell. ■





A LEGEND FROM AUSTRALIA

# PALE MOON!



**T**here once lived a farmer in Papua, an island off the coast of Australia.

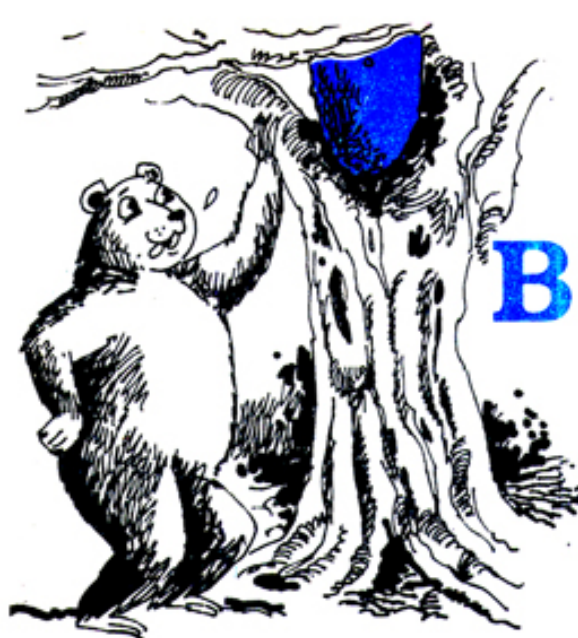
One day, he was digging a deep hole in his land, when he came upon a small bright object. He picked it up in wonder. It was bright, round and glowed with a pale light. As he held it in his hand, it grew bigger and bigger. It slipped out of his hand, rose into the sky, and became the moon.

If the moon had remained in the ground, grown properly, and come out at the right time, it would have glowed as bright as the sun. But as the farmer had taken it out before its time, it could only glow palely. Also, since the farmer had held it in his hand, the dirt from his fingers had stuck to its smooth surface. That is why the moon has spots and marks on it.



*Not in a*





# THE BLACK BEAR

dangerous without warning.

**H**e is a mammal found in tropical regions. No other animal of his size is as powerful as he is. He can crush the skull of a bull with a single blow of his paw. His favourite food is honey, and he is *omnivorous*.

He eats nuts, berries, roots, fish, insects, etc. He loves honey and goes on raids on wild bee-hives, for this favourite snack of his.

He is a good ant-catcher. He finds an ant-hill, and hits the ants with his paw. This makes the ants angry, and they climb all over him and bite him. The bear then quickly licks the ants off his paw, and swallows them.

He is a very inquisitive and playful fellow. But one must always be wary of him, for one can never know when his moods change. He can suddenly become

**T**he black bear appears slow and lumbering. But he is capable of great speed — he can travel 30 miles per hour for a short distance.

He weighs about 300 pounds and is about three feet high. But if he really stands erect, he is about six feet tall.

**H**e has the amazing ability to adapt to the region he is living in. The bear living in



THE ANIMAL KINGDOM



the northern region hibernates during winter to escape from the cold. Before he goes into hibernation a thick layer of fat accumulates on his body which will keep him alive during this period.

The fur colour of this bear can be black, chocolate or light brown. Sometimes he may have a grey or white patch on his breast.

The female Black Bear gives birth to two or three cubs. When born, the cubs are hairless and

blind, and weigh less than a pound. They require very little food, and sleep for about a month.

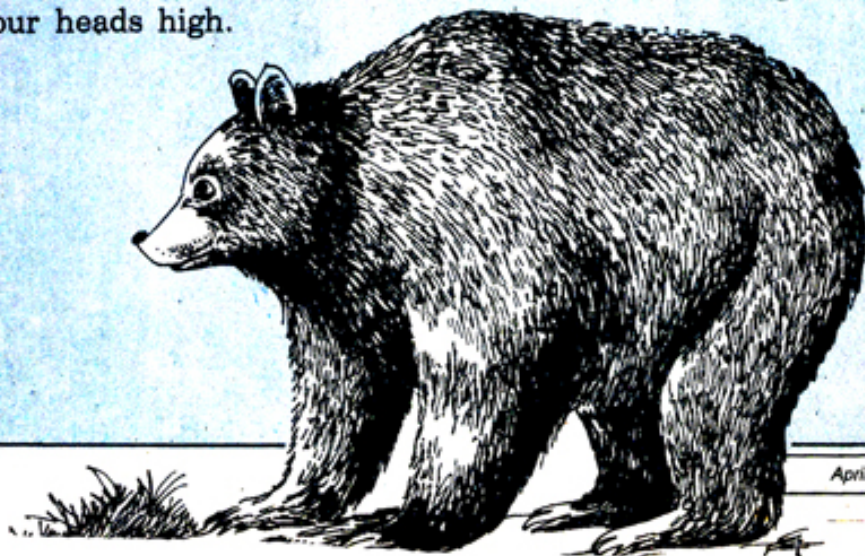
Soon, they learn to climb trees. They climb as high as they can, and very often the branches bend down due to the cub's weight. When this happens, they jump down. Parents have to keep a good watch on their cubs during this period.

**GEETHA VISWANATHAN**

**L**et me tell you something about myself. I have many cousins living all over the world. One of them, the Malayan Sun Bear, is found in the jungles of south-eastern Asia. Another cousin, the Spectacled Bear measures about 1.5 metres in length, and lives in South America. The Spectacled Bear gets his name from the white fur around his eyes that look like spectacles, for the rest of his body is dark brown.

**Y**et another cousin of mine, the Sloth Bear is covered with shaggy hair all over his body and is about 1.7 metres in height. He lives in the forests of India and Ceylon. He is very fond of termites, fruits and tender leaves. He does not hibernate.

When we bears walk on all four legs, we walk keeping our heads down. But when we walk on our two hind legs, we keep our heads high.





A TALE FROM SICILY

# THREE WISHES





**I**n a village in the beautiful island of Sicily, lived a merry and simple lad named Pero.

Pero's parents had died when he was very young, and when he was fourteen, he decided, "It is time for me to earn my own living."

So he travelled from place to place doing work in farms and houses.

**O**ne day, he met an old ragged beggar-man, on the road.

"My son," begged the old fellow. "I am starving. Give me something I can buy a bit of bread with."

Generous Pero dug in to his pockets and brought out his wages.

"Keep this," he told the old man. "I will go back and earn some more."

"You are really very kind and generous," said the beggar-man, and the next moment he vanished, leaving in his place, a beautiful and wonderful spirit.

"Well, Pero," said the spirit. "Ask for three wishes."

"Give me a violin which



when played will make everybody dance," said Pero. "A gun which will never miss, and the gift of speech so that nobody can refuse me anything."

The spirit granted his three wishes and Pero returned to the farm where he had worked before.

**S**uddenly he saw a pheasant fly across above his head, and he fired his magic gun to test it. The shot found its mark and the poor pheasant fell dead on the ground before him. Before Pero could move, the farmer darted out of his house and pounced upon the dead bird.

"Well you can have it," laughed Pero. "But you have to dance for it."

And he began to play upon

his magic violin. How the farmer twirled and hopped. He just could not stop!

"Stop, Pero! Stop!" he cried. "I'll give you a thousand crowns."

So Pero stopped fiddling, and got his thousand crowns. But as soon as he turned the other way, the farmer ran as fast as he could to the magistrate and complained that Pero had robbed him of a thousand crowns.

**I**n those days, robbers in Sicily were severely punished. So Pero was quickly arrested, and the thousand crowns were found in his pocket. The magistrate condemned Pero to death. Just as the hangman was putting the noose around Pero's neck, he cried, "Grant me one last

wish! Let me play the violin one last time!"

"Don't give him the violin," cried the farmer.

But since Pero had the gift of speech, the magistrate just could not refuse his wish.

**S**o the violin was given to him, and Pero began to play. You should have seen the magistrate's court then. Slowly, one by one, all the watching people began to get up and dance. Even the hangman found that his legs were beginning to hop about by themselves and would not stop. The magistrate too, twirled out of his chair; the farmer, his plump face frightened and helpless hopped, twirled and jumped....

Pero played till the shoes of the dancers were worn out, and till they were so tired that they could hardly stand.

"Huff..." panted the magistrate. "S-Stop! Keep your thousand crowns. You are free. Now please stop that music."

**S**o Pero stopped fiddling, took his gun and the thousand crowns, and returned to his village.

There he won the hand of the prettiest girl in the village, bought a house and settled down. After all none could refuse him anything! ■

**Doctor :** Did you take my advice about your insomnia and count sheep?

**Arun :** Yes, I did doctor. I counted upto 19,67,532.

**Pankaj Bafna, aged 13,  
Bangalore - 560 010.**







POETRY

**A VILLAGE SCENE**

The sun sheds its light,  
After the dark night.  
The boys are having a fight,  
To show their might.

The sun is emerging,  
As fast as lightning.  
The bullocks are ready,  
Though the weather is not shady.

The farmers are ploughing the field,  
For the crop's good yield.  
The shepherd plays his flute,  
Though the mountains remain mute.

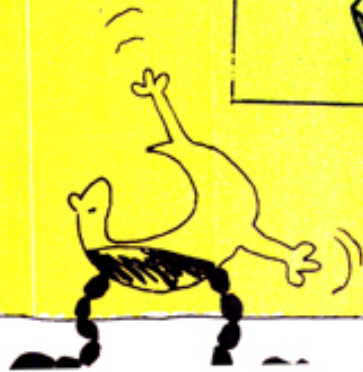


Then evening appears,  
And light disappears.  
The children are tired,  
And are no more fired.

*Thus people no more are seen,  
In the village scene!*

**Navin S. Rajaram, aged 11,  
Ahmedabad - 15.**

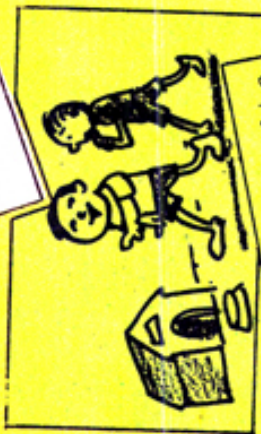




Doctor : There's nothing  
wrong with you. You just need a  
lot of rest.  
Mrs. Kapoor : But look at my  
tongue!  
Doctor : Yes, that needs rest  
too!  
Pankaj Bafna M., aged 13,  
Bangalore - 560 010



Anu : Doctor, doctor! I can't  
stop telling lies!  
Doctor : I don't believe you!  
Pankaj Bafna M., aged 13,  
Bangalore - 560 010.



Ramu : We've just bought a  
new dog. Would you like to see  
him?  
Somu : Does he bite?  
Ramu : That's what I'd like to  
find out!  
M. Balaji,  
Madras - 600 080



Man at door : I have come to  
tune your piano....  
Mr. Kumar : But I didn't  
send for you!  
Man at door : No. But your  
neighbours did.  
Veda Varadaganesh,  
Tanjore - 610 205



Tina : Doctor, doctor! I feel  
like an old sweater!  
Doctor : Well! I'll be darned!  
Pankaj Bafna, aged 13,  
Bangalore - 560 010



A small village in Madhya Pradesh sits quietly beside a lake known as the *Khajuraho Sagar* or the *Ninora Tal*. Who would think that this was once a large city, where the *Chandellas*, a dynasty in Central India ruled from? From the ruins of that old city found during excavations, it is thought that the city extended over 21 square kilometres.

Khajuraho is dotted with beautifully carved temples built by the *Chandella* rulers between the 9th and 12th centuries A.D. They attract millions of tourists and visitors everyday.

Most of the temples are lying in ruins. Eighty-five temples are known to have existed, out of which, only twenty-two have survived the ravages of time.

# THE CITY OF TEMPLES



**T**he temples belong to the Shaiva, Vaishnava and Jaina sects, but combine the architectures of many other cultures. The temples have certain distinctive features — they are built on platforms at a higher level, and have no walls or fencing around them. The carvings represent men and women in day-to-day life, and are highly ornamented and detailed.

The *Chausath Yogini* is the earliest temple at Kajuraho, probably built around the 9th century A.D.

**T**oday, a traveller to Khajuraho has to reach Calcutta first, and travel to Satna by train. Then he has to travel by bus or taxi via a place called Panna.

**T**emples all over India tell stories of the cultures and civilizations of the people who built them. Here too, one learns a lot about the dynasty of the *Chandella* kings who built this city of temples.

Text : **Prof. Pranab Ray**

Photograph :

**Dilip Banerjee**

## RIDDLES

**Q :** What runs through the city but cannot move?

**A :** A road.

**Q :** What looks like a cat, mews like a cat and acts like a cat?



**A :** A kitten!

**J. Prakash Prabhu, aged 9,  
Trichy - 620 015**

**Q :** What did the traffic lights say to the cars?



**A :** Don't look! I am changing!

**Prakash N., aged 14,  
Bangalore - 560 008**



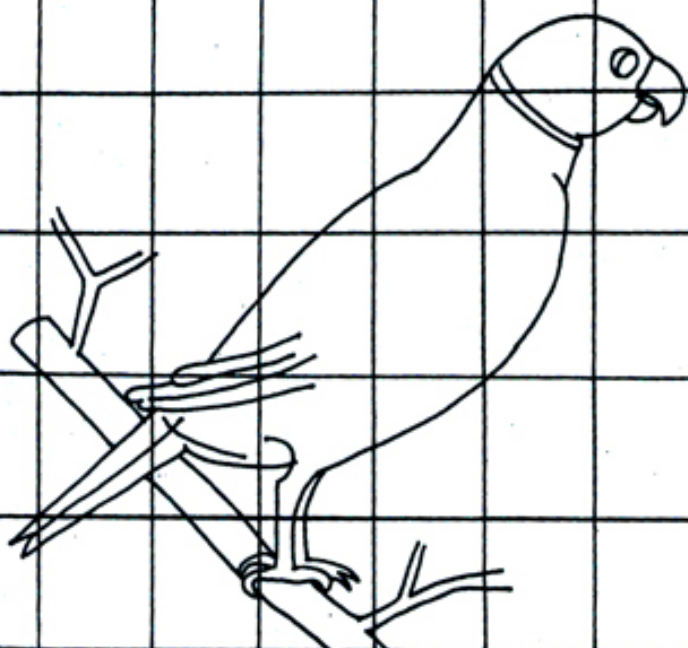
**Q :** Why are flowers lazy?

**A :** 'Cause they're always found in beds!

**Shajeev Jai Kumar,  
aged 14, Salem.**



# YOU TOO CAN DRAW!



UDAY+

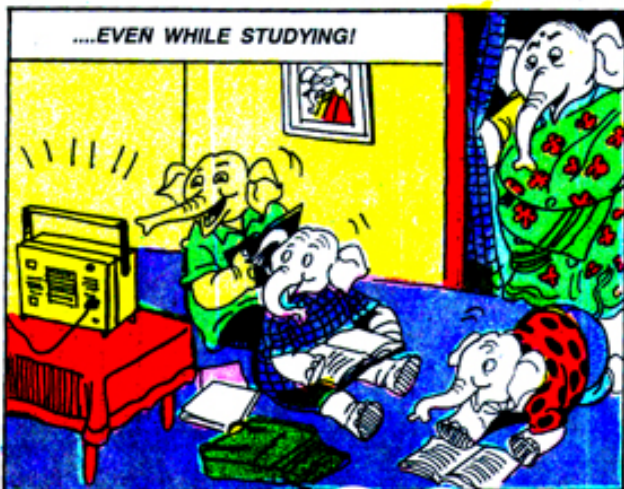
# THE NEW RADIO

Story : V.R.  
Illustration : CHELLAM

THE THREE BABY ELEPHANTS WERE EXCITED.



....EVEN WHILE STUDYING!





SHE PLACED THE RADIO OVER A HIGH CUPBOARD  
AND WENT AWAY —

Oh, no!

What  
shall we  
do now?

I have an idea!  
We'll stand  
on top of  
each other,  
then we  
can reach it!

SO —

I touched  
it! I put  
it on!

GO TO THE NEXT ROOM  
IF YOU WANT SOME  
YUMMY ICE-CREAM!

Ice-cream!  
Let's go fast!

BUT —

Want ice-cream  
do you? Here!  
Take this and this?

Disobedient children! Didn't  
you hear what mummy said?  
No radio till you finish  
homework.

We're  
sorry....

But the  
radio  
said....  
Ice-cream....

We will  
not do  
it again....

I had unplugged the radio, kids!  
I stood behind the cupboard and  
pretended to be the radio announcer.  
Now if you finish your home-work  
properly, you really  
might get ice-cream!

HURRAH!



# SONIA AND THE YELLOW-BROWN COW

Sonia was walking down the street. She was returning from school. She was worried about the yellow-brown cow. The cow had the bad habit of standing in the lanes between the houses, and coming out to shake her horns at Sonia when she walked home from school.

The cow was really quite ugly. Her lips turned up more than those of other cows and her bones stuck out. Her stomach was large and her tail

lashed to and fro like a whip. She didn't twitch it gently like other cows. Her ears stood up and her eyes rolled with wickedness. Really, she was quite bad — the way she came out and said, "Mm....hm....hmooo," in her funny deep voice.

Sonia wondered how she could get home safely today. The teacher had given her a whole lot of things from craft class to label at home. Sonia had the best hand-

writing in class. The teacher always asked her to do all the writing on the charts and pictures hung up in class.

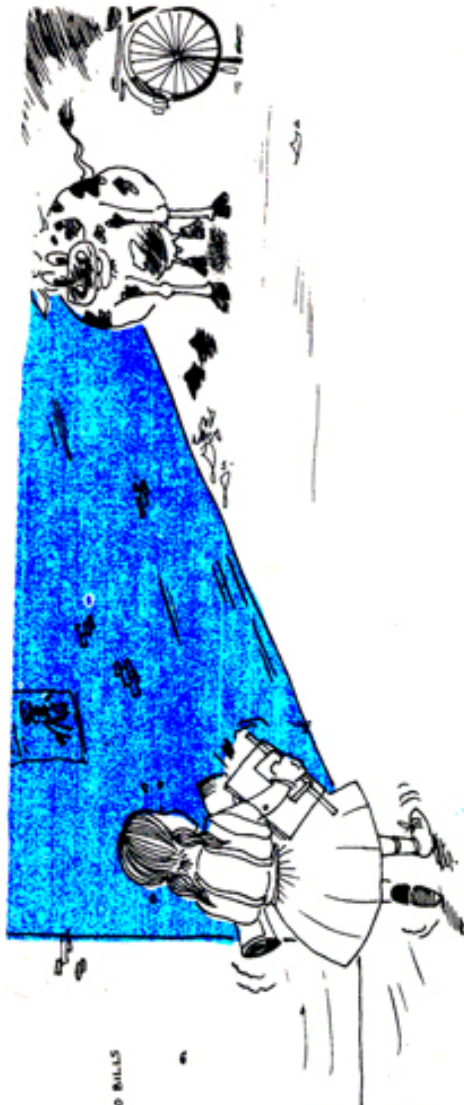
Sonia did not want to drop the things in the mud and spoil them. Just as she passed the flour-mill she saw the dreaded yellow-brown head with the curved horns emerging from the lane between the mill, and Mrs. Bhaskaran's house. Sonia clutched harder at the bundle of craft and looked fearfully at the cow. The wicked black eyes looked directly at her as the cow



ambled out of the narrow lane and stood right in the middle of the road. Sonia saw that the cow blocked most of the road. There was no space for her to sidle past. On one side two cycles were parked, and on the other, there was a heap of cow-dung waiting to be made into cakes. What was she to do?

The yellow-brown menace looked at Sonia and shook her horns. She snorted loudly and slurped at her grey nostrils. It made Sonia sick, to look at the thick grey tongue passing over the wet-looking muzzle, and into the dark hole of the nostril.

Sonia stood spell-bound and prayed to Hanuman to save her. *Please, just this time from old yellow-brown one, please, she would never steal the prasadam from the pooja before mother*



*distributed it to everybody. She would be good from now on.*

"Please, Hanuman I won't pinch aunty's little baby anymore," prayed Sonia.

She heard a cycle-bell ringing behind her. Where was she to go now? She looked back over her shoulder.

Oh, how glad she was to see Vikram, her cousin, returning from school on his cycle! Vikram looked at Sonia

and asked, "What are you doing Sonia? Standing here and staring at that stupid cow all over again! Why don't you go past? What a funny girl you are! Come on now, I will take you home."

Vikram got down, helped Sonia sit on the carrier of his cycle, rang the bell loudly to scare the cow, and cycled past.

**Dr. MOHANA SAXENA**



## FRUIT SALAD

### *You need :*

- 4 bananas
- 1 orange
- 1 apple
- 50 gms grapes
- 5 table-spoons sugar
- A pinch of salt

### *How to make it :*

Chop the bananas, apple and orange into tiny pieces. Mix the fruits together, and add sugar and salt. Stir well with a wooden spoon.

Empty the fruit salad into a pretty serving dish and decorate with grapes.



*kala.*



# COCONUT CAKES

## You need :

- 1 cup ghee
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup coconut, finely chopped
- 1 cup bengal gram flour
- 3 cups sugar

## How to make it :

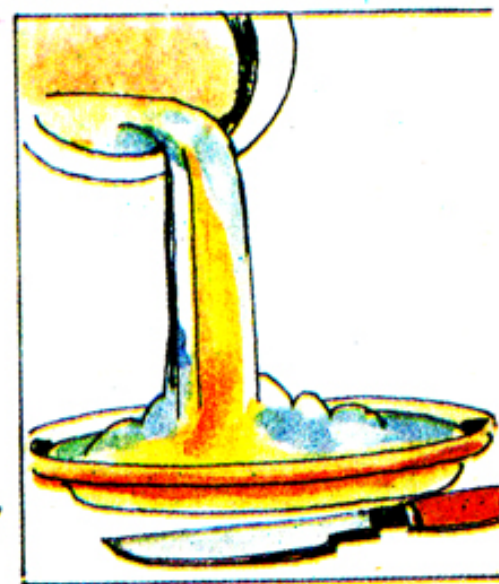
**M**elt the sugar into syrup in a thick bottomed vessel on a medium flame. Then add the coconut, bengal gram flour and milk, stirring the mixture all the time. Add the ghee too to it.

Smear ghee on a plate and keep it ready.

Keep stirring the mixture in the vessel till it takes the appearance of chocolate. Then remove it from the fire.

Pour the mixture on the greased plate and allow it to cool. When it is still warm, cut it into squares using a knife.

**A.G. Krithika, aged 10,  
Cuddalore - 607 001.**



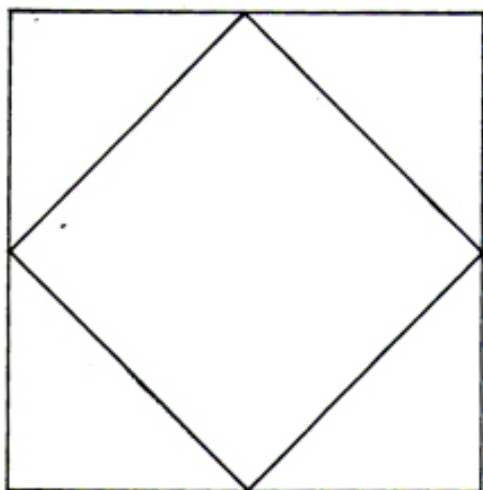
# ANSWERS

Page 34

## FLOWER FUN!

Sunflower, Lily, Jasmine,  
Rose, Marigold, Tulip.

## TRICKY PROBLEM!



Page 35

## MATCH THE FOLLOWING!

Cricket bat — ball  
Kite — roll of string  
Shirt — trousers  
Paint — brush  
Pencil — eraser.



**Aha!** So you found me!  
Well, you do deserve the  
surprise. Hop, skip an' jump to  
page 80.

## MYSTERY WORD!

|     |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|-----|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1.  |   | C | A | R | P |   |
| 2.  |   | S | H | O | P |   |
| 3.  | M | O | O | N |   |   |
| 4.  |   | A | C | T | O | R |
| 5.  |   | R | O | U | N | D |
| 6.  | P | A | L | A | C | E |
| 7.  | G | R | A | I | N |   |
| 8.  |   | S | T | A | R | T |
| 9.  |   | S | E | E |   |   |
| 10. |   | S | E | A |   |   |



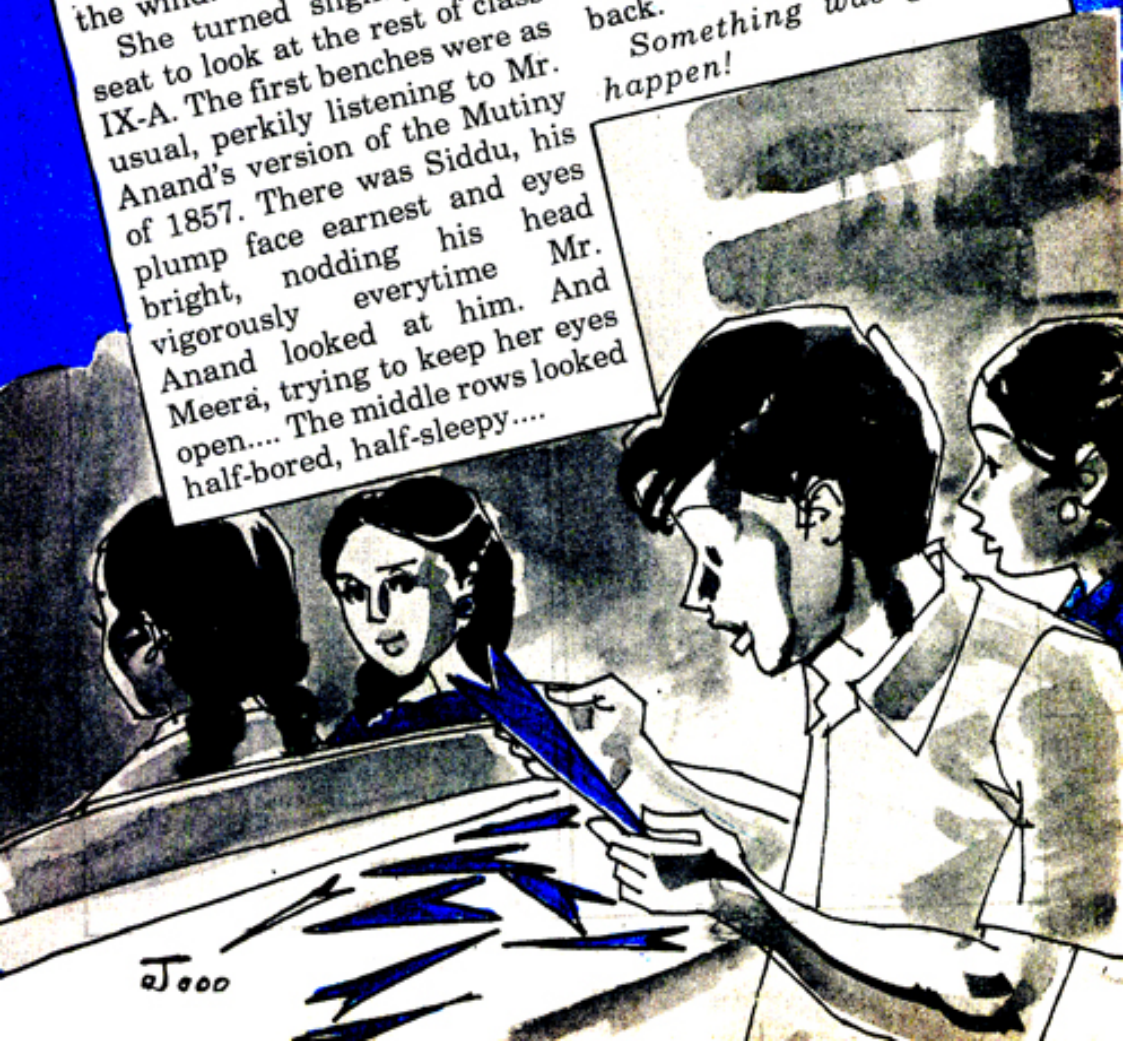
# EIGHT PAPER PLANES

Class was really very boring. Seema yawned and looked out of the window. All she could see were the branches of a tree, thickly covered with leaves, swaying in the wind.

She turned slightly in her seat to look at the rest of class IX-A. The first benches were as usual, perkily listening to Mr. Anand's version of the Mutiny of 1857. There was Siddu, his plump face earnest and eyes bright, nodding his head vigorously everytime Mr. Anand looked at him. And Meerá, trying to keep her eyes open.... The middle rows looked half-bored, half-sleepy....

Suddenly a movement caught her eye. It was Hari. His quick hands were deftly folding another paper plane. Inside his half-open desk drawer, were many little paper planes neatly parked and ready for action. Hari saw her look and winked. Seema grinned back.

*Something was going to happen!*







said Mr. Anand. "Sister will attend to your ear. Now back to 1857...."

Bimal who sat beside Hari grinned at Seema and gestured. *All of us will send a plane*, his eyes and hands said. *All of us?* asked Seema with her hands and eyes.

Yes, nodded Bimal vigorously.

Mr. Anand who had been writing the dates and events on the blackboard turned.

Bimal did not want to go out of class at that moment. The paper planes were ready for action, and Hari was grinning like anything.

"Oooh, sir!" he cried, with a sudden jerk of his head. "It's out! It's out! It's ou.....!"

"Very well. You don't have to shout. Sit down."

**"B**imal!" he said. "Stand up!"

Bimal stood up, and shook his head to and fro.

One or two giggled.

"Silence!" cried Mr. Anand. "Now Bimal.... What's wrong?"

"Sir....." cried Bimal agonized. "Something's got into my ear."

He shook his head again, eyes closed.

"Go to the sick room, Bimal,"

**T**he next time Mr. Anand turned towards the blackboard, hands in the last row began to move fast. Paper planes were distributed. Each girl or boy got two.

Mr. Anand turned back. All was still. The last row sat looking at the teacher in earnest





attention.

And the next time, Mr. Anand turned his back to them, Hari signalled with his hands — *action!* Eight hands moved swiftly — and eight wonderful paper planes glided into the air.

**S**MACK! One hit the fan. Mr. Anand jumped, the chalk fell out of his hand. He turned to look at an astonished class (the last row looked suitably astonished too!) watching seven paper planes land smoothly on various places. (One landed on Siddu's head, and everybody had to smother giggles.)

"WHO DID THAT?"

The whole class innocently looked back at Mr. Anand.

"Do you know anything about these paper planes, Hari?" asked Mr. Anand, for

Hari was quite well-known in the staff-room for certain acts of his.

Hari stood up.

"No, sir!" he replied smartly without batting an eye-lid.

Mr. Anand gave the class his steely look.

"Do you want me to take class?"

"Yes sir!" chorused the class.

"Well...." he continued. "If this happens again, that'll be the end of the class for you!"

With that threat, Mr. Anand went back to 1857. But nearly the whole class was restless. They had had a taste of excitement and wanted more.

Mr. Anand was keeping an alert eye on Hari and the last row. They looked so interested in the causes and effects of the Mutiny all of a sudden!

**S**uddenly, Mr. Anand saw that his shoe-lace had come undone. He bent down to tie it. Hari and the last row took their





chance.

Eight hands went into action.

**T**he door opened. It was the principal.

"Mr. Anand," he smiled.

Mr. Anand jumped up.

"Goodafternoon, sir!"

Eight paper planes floated silently above.

"I have come to announce," began the smiling principal.

The first paper plane landed beside the principal's shoe. He looked up and saw the other glorious seven. Mr. Anand's face went a bright red.

Slowly, the planes landed one by one.

Class IX-A, their history teacher and the principal watched in silence. Nobody dared move.

Six successful landings later (one sailed out of a window), the principal began once more, "I had come to announce a one

hour film show for standard IX on the Mutiny of 1857. But it looks as if class IX-A knows its lessons too well. I want each of you to write a 500 words essay on this topic and submit it to Mr. Anand."

He nodded to Mr. Anand, and the door shut firmly behind him.

Mr. Anand gathered his books and marched out of the door too.

**T**he whole class turned upon Hari and the last row.

"Stop, stop!" cried Hari before anybody could say anything. "I'll go tell the principal and take the blame. He'll let the rest of you see the film."

"We'll come too," murmured the rest of the last row.

And eight guilty souls dolefully trooped out of IX-A to apologise and accept punishment.

■  
S.R.



## WORD PLAY - HOMONYMS

**M**any words have the same spellings and pronunciations. But, they carry different meanings.

**Example :** A place to transact money; A mound of earth; the word **BANK** answers both these descriptions.

Give the one word for each of these pairs of statements.

**Clue** – all words start with the letter 'B' and have four letters.

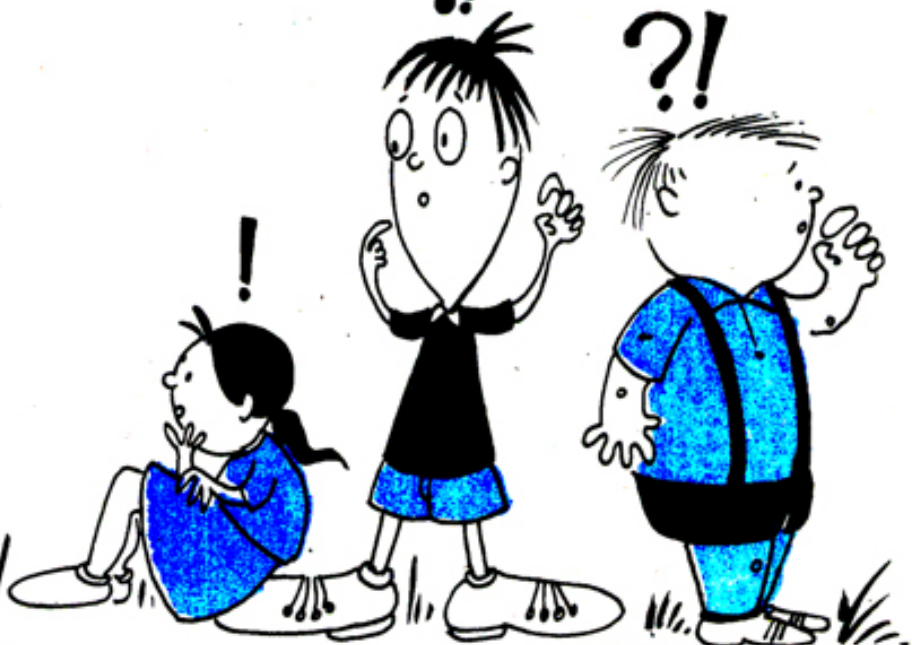
1. A bird's beak.  
A poster.
2. A social assembly for dancing.  
Anything round.
3. To destroy by fire.  
A small stream (A Scottish word)
4. Cry of a dog.  
Cover of the trunk of a tree.
5. A shaft of lighting.  
A sliding lock in a door.
6. Number of musicians playing together.  
A narrow strip of cloth.

**Solution on page 80**

??

R. Vidya,  
Hyderabad - 500 042.

??



# PUZZLE

Hidden in the picture-grid below are the names of some of the historical buildings in India. Can you find them?

Compiled and Illustrated by M. Geetha.

## HISTORICAL BUILDINGS OF INDIA

### UP-DOWN

OLD FORT  
BIRLA MANDIR  
TAJ MAHAL  
RAJGHAT  
JAMA MASJID  
HAWA MAHAL  
GOLDEN TEMPLE  
QUTUB MINAR  
VIZAYGHAT  
HOWRAH BRIDGE  
CHARMINAR  
SHANTI VAN  
HUMAYUN'S TOMB

### ACROSS

INDIA GATE  
RED FORT

### DIAGONAL

JANTAR  
MANTAR





# THE THIRTEENTH WINDOW

## Chapter 1

### A Mysterious Curse



**“M**ummy! cried Mini. “I like our new house.”

“I do too, Mini,” replied her mother smiling, “It is the prettiest house I have ever seen.”

It was a pretty house. Built like a cottage, it was overgrown with creepers and vines, and had a big lovely garden.

Mini’s father had got a transfer to a hill-station, and they had chosen this house to move into.

“I can paint it...” said Mrs. Mehta thoughtfully. “It’ll make a good subject.”

Mini’s mother was a well-known painter and wherever she went, she found something interesting to sketch or paint.

**S**o once all their furniture had been put in the rooms, and everything else put away,

the Mehta family settled down in their new house.

Mini was to go to St. Mary’s School nearby, but she was to join only for the new term. It was summer now, and Mrs. Mehta said, “It is a good thing daddy’s transfer came now. It would be inconvenient if we had to move you from school in the middle of a term.”

Mini didn’t mind either way. Her father often got transfers, and before she could really make friends in any place, they were off to another.

“Maybe I should go to a boarding school,” she often thought. “But then, I’d hate not to be there when mummy and daddy move to an exciting new place each time.”

**A** week later, Furry joined them. Mini had been



playing in the garden, when suddenly she heard a tiny mew. A cat was lying among some bushes, with two kittens by her side.

Mini ran in at once to call her mother.

"Oh," cried Mrs. Mehta. "The poor kittens are dead!"

So the kittens were buried, and Furry was petted and fussed and loved so much that she hardly ever roamed out beyond the compound walls.

One night, Mini stood swinging on the gate in the moonlight. It was late, and dinner was over. But Mini did not feel like going to bed just as yet.

"Pssst!" came a whisper, from one side.

Furry, who was sitting on the gate-post, nearly jumped out of her skin. She jumped off the gate-post and bounded into the house.

Mini saw the *whisperer*. It was a ragged-looking boy.

"Who are you?" she whispered back. She couldn't help it. In the dark, moonlight, he looked mysterious and it seemed only right that she should whisper back.

"I am Amit," said the *whisperer*. "I am hungry. I haven't eaten for three days."

"Well... I'll ask mummy," and Mini ran inside.



But her mother was busy finishing a painting and Mini decided not to disturb her. She found half a loaf of bread and some *rasam*\*, and ran out with it.

Amit sat beside the gate-post and gobbled up the food.

"Slurp, slurp! slurp!"

Mini looked at him in amazement.

"You sure are hungry!" she exclaimed. "Don't your parents give you anything to eat?"

"No!" he gulped down a chunk of bread. "They left me and went away."

Mini couldn't say anything.

"Well..." he grinned at her.

"Thanks for this. I'll be back."

And he vanished into the darkness.

The next day, after breakfast, Mrs Mehta stood her easel in front of the house.

"I shall paint it today," she told Mini.

"I'll paint it too," said Mini.

So the two of them sat in the morning sun sketching. Mini soon got bored. She wandered round the house looking at it from all angles.

"How many windows there are!" she thought. "Two for my bedroom, two for mummy-daddy's, two for the dining, two big ones for the kitchen... two

\* A soup-like dish made of tamarind water.





**Boss :** (to sweeper) are you sweeping out the office today?

**Sweeper :** No sir! Just the dust! I am leaving the office where it is!

**R. Karthik, aged 12,  
Coimbatore - 641 038.**

big ones for the living room... one each for the two bathrooms..." Mini counted each one.

"Have I counted properly?" she wondered. "There seems to be one more small window like the bathroom windows."

She carefully went round the house counting them. Sure enough — right beside the kitchen was a small window — it couldn't be a bathroom window, for it was near the kitchen. Which room could it be?

There was no room other than the bathrooms that had a window so small. *Were there twelve or thirteen windows?*

Now Mini was really puzzled.

She ran to her mother.

"Mummy, mummy!" she cried. "Which room next to the kitchen has a small window?"

"Mmm... I don't know..."

Mini saw that her mother was really too immersed in her painting.

"Well... I'll ask her later," she decided.

**T**hat night she saw Amit again outside the gate.

"Are you hungry?" asked Mini.

"No," he replied. "I did some work for the old lady down the lane and she gave me food."

After sometime, Mini asked, "How old are you?"

"I am ten," he said. "How old are you?"

"I am ten too."

Suddenly he burst out, "Do you know? Your house has a curse on it! It was called the thirteenth house... and years ago... a magician lived in it!"

Mini felt a shiver go down her spine.

"The old lady told me," continued Amit. "There is some secret curse... nobody knows..." Now he was really talking in a hushed whisper. "Something to do with the number thirteen..."

Now Mini was sure. There was one extra, small window that didn't seem to belong to any room.

"There are thirteen windows!" she gasped.

Amit did not say anything. He simply stared at her, gave the house a terrified look, and vanished into the darkness.

Next issue : **WHICH IS THE THIRTEENTH WINDOW?**

**To be continued  
LAKSHMI IYER**



# COLOUR and KEEP



UDAY-r



**S**age Sadanandaswami ran a vedic school in an ashram at Shillangere. Gopala-sastry and Govindasastry had completed their studies of the scriptures under him. When the time came for them to leave the ashram, their parents came to pay homage to the guru and take their sons home.

"Before you go," said the

swamiji. "I'd like to put you two to a simple test. I want you to offer some food and a garland, to god, and I want to see who does it first."

**G**ovindasastry rushed to the ashram kitchen and began to prepare food in a vessel. After it was ready, he plucked some flowers and wove a garland out of them. He then

# GODS ON EARTH



ran with his offerings to the nearest temple which was about 5 kms. from the ashram.

**G**opalasastry cooked food and went to the garden at the side of the ashram. He plucked three plantain leaves and laid them on the dining hall

floor. Then he asked his parents and his guru to sit on the wooden planks placed behind the plantain leaves.

He worshipped them with flowers and served them food.

**G**ovindasastry came running back, gasping for breath.





"I have won!" he cried. "I did it first!"

"Well...." said his guru. "Gopalasastry has won."

"But he has not even left the ashram!" cried Govindasastry.

"He worshipped god here itself," smiled the guru. "Will you explain how, Gopala?"

"You taught us that our parents and our guru are our gods on earth," said Gopalasastry. "So I worshipped you

here itself."

"Gopala has really understood what I taught," said Sadanandaswamiji. "My blessings to you. May you prosper in life."

Govindasastry stood with his head hung.

"I have yet to learn a lot, guruji," he said. "Keep me with you for some more time."

**KOLAR KRISHNA IYER**



**Dentist :** Tell me, are your teeth checked?

**Patient :** No.... they are a sort of off-white.....

**Pankaj Bafna M., aged 13,  
Bangalore - 560 010**

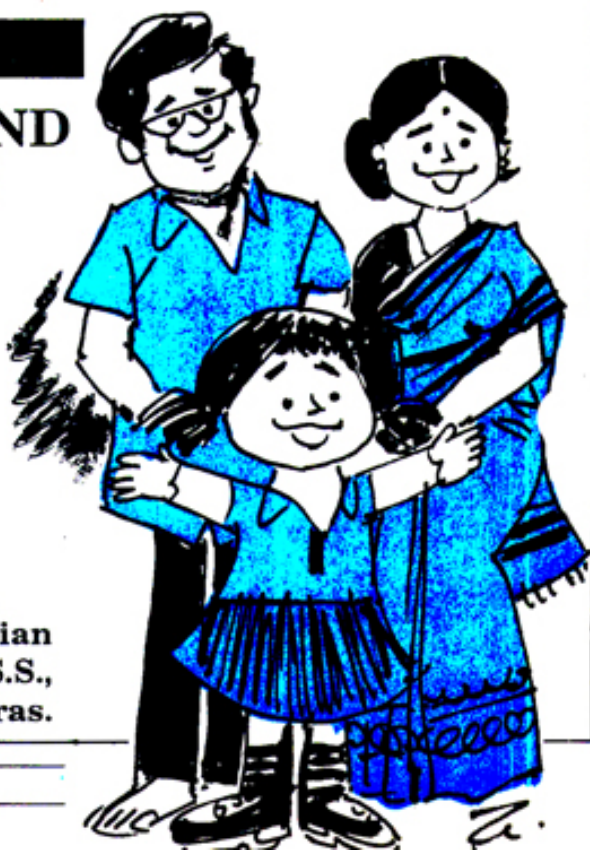
## POETRY

### MOTHERS AND FATHERS

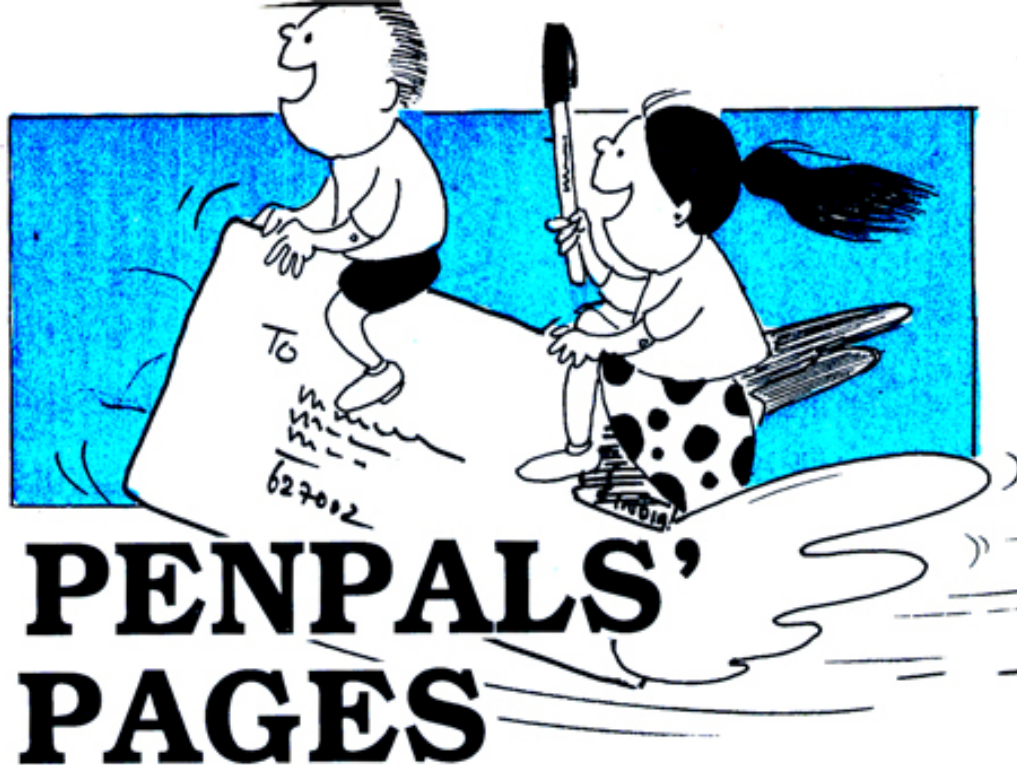
I love my father,  
And he loves me too.  
I love my mother,  
And she loves me too.

I like to help them,  
They help me too.  
I like them so much,  
They like me too.

**Divya Kumar, aged 8,  
Holy Angels Anglo Indian  
H.S.S.,  
Madras.**







# PENPALS' PAGES

**Name :** Ambika Mani,  
**Age :** 13 years,  
**Address :** 16/125 C.P.W.D. Quarters,  
 Indira Nagar,  
 Adyar,  
 Madras - 600 020.

**Hobbies :** Drawing, playing, listening to Hindi songs, reading story books and making friends.

**Name :** S. Uma Shankar,  
**Age :** 9 years,  
**Address :** 73rd, 4th Cross,  
 Subhas Nagar,  
 Mandya.

**Hobbies :** Collecting stickers, playing cricket and watching science films.

**Name :** S. Karthik,  
**Age :** 15 years,  
**Address :** Door No. 1900, 4th Cross,  
 Subash Nagar,  
 Mandya - 571 401.  
 Karnataka State.  
**Hobbies :** Reading 'Sportstar',

newspapers and science quiz books, playing ball-badminton, cricket, and collecting English poems.

**Name :** S. Karthikeyan,  
**Age :** 15 years,  
**Address :** 190, 4th Cross,  
 Subhash Nagar,  
 Mandya - 571 401.

**Hobbies :** Collecting science magazines, playing cricket, ball-badminton, reading science and social magazines, collecting different types of photographs, and reading stories and essays.

**Name :** K. Priya Gayatri,  
**Age :** 13 years,  
**Address :** No. 34, Dr. Radhkrishnan Nagar,  
 Anand Avenue, I Cross Street,  
 Tiruvanmiyur,  
 Madras - 600 016.

**Hobbies :** Reading science fiction, books like 'Tinkle', 'Gokulam', 'Champak',

*Send your name, age, address and hobbies written neatly and clearly on a postcard.*

*Remember, you should be below 16 years of age.*

collecting greeting cards, playing both outdoor and indoor games.

**Name :** Amrita Ashok Kumar,

**Age :** 9 years,

**Address :** 'Kalyani',  
Bilathikulam Road,  
Calicut - 673 006.

**Hobbies :** Playing badminton, drawing, music and collecting stamps.

**Name :** K. Padma Priya,

**Age :** 15 years,

**Address :** 179, Natesan Nagar,  
Pondicherry - 605 005.

**Hobbies :** Collecting stamps, gardening, playing video games, reading story books, solving puzzles, riddles etc.

**Name :** Anusha. R.

**Age :** 13 years,

**Address :** 2/60 Friendship Society,  
Dombivili - 421 202 (Maharashtra)

**Hobbies :** Reading books like 'Gokulam', stamp and coin collecting, listening to music, watching quiz programmes and films.

**Name :** M. Hema Sudha,

**Age :** 15 years,

**Address :** IV-16, Bacheli,  
Bastar Dist. (M.P.)  
494 553.

**Hobbies :** Letter-writing, making greeting cards, playing chess, and reading books like 'Gokulam'.

**Name :** Sajay. K. Warriar,

**Age :** 11 years,

**Address :** C/8, Om Shri Alkapuri,  
Jayraj Nagar,  
Borivali (West),  
Bombay - 400 092.

**Hobbies :** Reading comics, fiction and novels of adventure, drawing and painting, and collecting stamps.

**Name :** Sweta Agarwal

**Age :** 16 years,

**Address :** C/o Swastik Enterprises,  
209/Navjeevan Complex,  
Station Road,  
Jaipur.

**Hobbies :** Playing table tennis,

working on the computer, photography and correspondence.

**Name :** Sunil R. Katre,

**Age :** 13 years,

**Address :** O/2, Prathamesh Co-op Hsg.  
Society,  
V/S Marg, Prabhadevi,  
Bombay - 400 025.  
Maharashtra.

**Hobbies :** Cycling, collecting stamps and foreign coins, reading books like 'Archies', 'Tin Tin', 'Gokulam', and 'Tinkle', and computer programming.

**Name :** Sonia Sachdeva,

**Age :** 16 years,

**Address :** C-16, Greater Kailash  
Colony,  
Behind Gahlot Nursing Home,  
Lal Kothi,  
Jaipur.

**Hobbies :** Swimming, writing letters, music, playing basketball, reading novels, watching english movies.

**Name :** R. Sundararaman,

**Age :** 14 years,

**Address :** 9/10 Kothaval Street,  
Chidambaram - 608 001.  
South Arcot District,  
Tamil Nadu.

**Hobbies :** Reading newspapers and general knowledge books, playing carroms, chess, and watching television.

**Name :** S. Naveen Kumar,

**Age :** 14 years,

**Address :** 336, 'C' Layout,  
Hanumantha Nagar,  
Bannimantap Extension,  
Mysore - 570 015.

**Hobbies :** Reading comics, working on computers, playing football, cricket and carroms, collecting stamps and stickers, and writing letters to pen-friends.

**Name :** Syed Safi Ulla,

**Age :** 15 years,

**Address :** No. 116, E.W.S. 'C' Layout,  
Hanumantha Nagar,  
Bannimantap Extension,



**Mysore - 570 015.**

**Hobbies :** Making friends, playing football, carroms and cricket, watching movies, reading comics, collecting stickers, working on computers and writing letters.

**Name :** Subash. S.

**Age :** 15 years,

**Address :** Subash Bhavan,

TC 3/814 Muttala,

T.V.M. - 675 025.

**Hobbies:** Letter-writing (English and Malayalam) stamp collecting, story-writing, playing cricket and shuttle-cock.

**Name :** M. Vijay Sarathy,

**Age :** 9 years,

**Address :** 10-3-18/2/A

East Marredpally,

Secunderabad - 500 026.

**Hobbies :** Playing badminton and carroms, collecting stamps, cycling and reading comics.

**Name :** M. Krithika,

**Age :** 11 years,

**Address :** 10-3-18/2/A

East Marredpally,

Secunderabad - 500 026.

**Hobbies:** Collecting stamps, greeting cards and coins, playing the veena, reading comics and novels, watching movies on video.

**Name :** Nandini G. Iyengar,

**Age :** 13 years,

**Address :** 3/543, Addenwala Road,

Matunga,

Bombay - 19.

**Hobbies :** Collecting greeting cards, stamps, coins and story books.

**Name :** S. Theerthanathan,

**Age :** 14 years,

**Address :** No. 4, Ramnagar Salai,

North East Extn, 7th Cross,

Trichy - 620 018.

**Hobbies :** Collecting stamps, coins, stickers, picture-post cards, playing cricket and tennis, and reading children's literature from around the world.

**Name :** G. Bharath,

**Age :** 11 years,

**Address :** 3/543, Desika Bhavan,

2nd Floor,

Matunga Adenwala Road,

Bombay - 19.

**Hobbies :** Collecting stamps, coins and story books, playing cricket and being an R. S. P.

**Name :** S. Nishanth,

**Age :** 12 years,

**Address :** No. 7, Garanekar Building,

Shantinagar,

Conda,

Goa - 403 401.

**Hobbies :** Cycling, reading the newspaper, stamp-collecting, making pen-friends and playing chess.

**Name :** Aravind. S.

**Age :** 14 years,

**Address :** 39/848 Laila Buildings,

Anyasala,

Trivandrum - 36.

**Hobbies :** Philately, collecting coins and postcards playing chess and badminton, reading, cycling, etc.

**Name :** R. Harish,

**Age :** 14 years,

**Address :** 247/A Patki Building,

Rasta Peth,

Pune - 411 011.

**Hobbies :** Collecting coins and stamps, reading books and 'Gokulam', listening to old Hindi songs and playing table-tennis.

**Name :** Anand Chirstopher. A.

**Age :** 14 years,

**Address :** C/o Dr. A. B. Christoper,

Dept. of Pharmacology,

C. M. C. Campus, Bagayam,

Vellore - 632 002.

**Hobbies :** Collecting stamps, coins, stickers, greeting cards and posters of cars and bikes.



# THIEVES!



**I**t was Diwali time. Daddy and Mummy had gone to buy crackers. Gita and Gopal were playing 'memory' at home, waiting for them to return.

Gita soon got bored with the game, and she began to tell Gopal of the funny things that had happened at school. Gopal told her the funny things he had done with his friends Arumugapandian and Vivek Gautam.

The door-bell rang. Gita and Gopal ran to the door shouting, "Mama, Papa!"

They quickly opened the door.

**D**arkness had fallen. Gita and Gopal could not see for a moment. Then they saw two figures standing against the door. Suddenly, they began

trembling all over. Two men stood there, their rough unshaven faces looking fearsome in the darkness.

**T**he two thieves dragged Gita and Gopal to the corner of the compound and told them in gruff voices, "Remove all the gold you are wearing!"

Trembling with fear, Gita silently removed the new gold ear-rings that daddy had bought her from Bombay.

Gopal gave them his gold ring which was his birthday present. Suddenly, they heard the noise of a car approaching. The two thieves jumped over the wall and disappeared into the darkness.

Gita and Gopal ran back inside, and tightly shut and bolted the door. They sobbed with fear as they wondered how to tell their parents what had happened.

**M**ummy and Daddy were soon home, with sweets, cakes and crackers. But Gita and Gopal could hardly look at the things their parents had bought.

They ran to their bedroom and fell upon their beds crying.

Their surprised parents followed them.



Then Gita told them what had happened.

When she finished, Mummy and Daddy looked at each other.

"You should look out of the window to see who is at the door before opening it," said Mummy.

"Don't worry," said Daddy, a little smile on his face. "The jewellery you both were wearing was not real gold."

**"WHAT?"**

Gita and Gopal were really astonished.

"Mummy and I just wanted to see how careful you would

be with your things," he said. "That's why we did not tell you that they were simply gold-covering jewels."

**I**t was the day after Diwali. Their parents had gone to visit their friends next-door.

Suddenly, the door-bell rang. Gita and Gopal rushed to the window and looked out. It was their uncle and aunt, with their cousin Deepa.

Gita and Gopal flung open the door, joyfully.

"Happy Diwali!" they cried.

**Preeti,**

**Coimbatore - 641 040.**

## POETRY

### SUN FLOWER

**I** feel happy and gay,  
When the sun sends it's rays;  
I dance with joy  
I smile with beauty.

**M**y yellow crown bows down,  
When the sun sinks low,  
I reel in sorrow,  
I feel as though I were dead;

**I** rise again and fall again;  
To remind the world  
Of pain and pleasure,  
The two sides of the same coin.

**P. Divya, aged 11,  
Salem - 636 007.**



# AIM-READY-

The thief gasped for breath as he paused to look back for a moment.

The two police constables

nearby shrub.

"I'll bide my time and escape," he thought.

**"Y**ou and your squirt!" shouted his grandma.

Little Kannan laughed.

"Patti,\*" he asked. "Isn't my



pounding after him were turning the corner. They would surely pin him down within minutes.

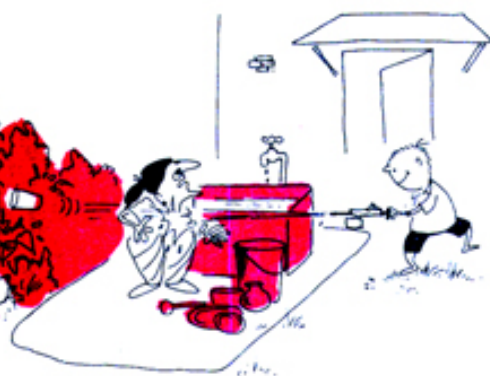
He looked around. There was a compound wall low enough for him to vault over. He took the risk.



squirt lovely?"

It was almost 50 cms long and could take in one litre of water. When Kannan pushed the piston, a strong jet of water shot out for at least two metres. And little Kannan handled it quite expertly.

His grandmother sat by the garden tap, cleaning kitchen utensils. Just as she reached for a tumbler, a jet of water shot



He landed in the backyard of an old house. He heard running water, the screeching voice of an old woman, and the jubilant laugh of a boy. He dived into a

\* grandmother







out, pushing it away from her reach.

"You naughty child!" she shouted. She got up slowly, for her back was painful. But just as she took the glass up, a jet of water shot out and tossed it into the nearby shrub.

**T**he grandmother put her hand into the shrub and caught hold of an ankle.

"Aiyyo!!" she shouted in terror. "An ankle! An ankle!"

The thief sprang out of the shrub, put his hand over her



# WHOOSH!

mouth and drew a knife.

"Quiet!" he hissed. "Make a noise and I'll kill you!"

Suddenly, a jet of water shot into his eyes.

"Ouch!" he gasped and raised his right hand to protect his eyes. Again, the knife he was holding shot out of his hand.

"Ow!" he screamed.

**"H**ere is the scoundrel!"

The two constables jumped over the wall and wrestled the thief to the ground.

"Patti," said the head constable. "Make sure that you turn this smart boy into a police-officer!"

"He is sure to get a reward,"

said the other policeman.

Patti was all smiles.

But Kannan was not listening. He was busy drawing water into his squirt from the tap at the garden tank.

"I must knock the specs off the head constable," he was thinking. ■

**KAILASH**

# ANSWERS

## Page 21

### FUN WITH 'UT'!

1. Hut
2. Cut
3. Nut
4. But

### ANIMAL HOUSES!

1. Sty
2. Den
3. Kennel
4. River
5. Burrow



**S** APRIL FOOL!  
 Sorry for the suspense folks! But this is the specialty of this month. And here's wishing you a happy summer!

### TELL TALE!

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs  
 Hansel and Gretel  
 Cinderella  
 Snow White and Rose Red  
 Little Red Riding Hood  
 Goldilocks  
 Ugly Duckling  
 Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves  
 Jack and the Beanstalk  
 Sleeping Beauty

## Page 63

### WORD PLAY

1. Bill
2. Ball
3. Burn
4. Bark
5. Bolt
6. Band

## Page 64





# THE SPARROW'S GIFTS

Illustration : LALITHA

Based on a story sent by Naga Meghana Karody, aged 10, Secunderabad.

**RAMU AND SHYAMU WERE BROTHERS. ONE DAY —**

Ramu! Our cow does not give enough milk any more. Take it to the market and sell it!

Yes, Shyamu. I'll go today.

**ON THE WAY —**

Y-a-w-n! I feel so-o sleepy! This looks like a cosy spot.

**SO RAMU TIED THE COW TO A NEARBY TREE AND SLEPT.**

**A THIEF STOLE AWAY THE COW EVEN AS RAMU SNORED AWAY.**

Now, on to the market! My Cow! M-my C-cow!

You sparrow! You have stolen my cow! You thief! I'll kill you! I'll....

Wait! I'll give you a donkey for the cow you've lost. It's a magic one.....

THE NEXT MOMENT —

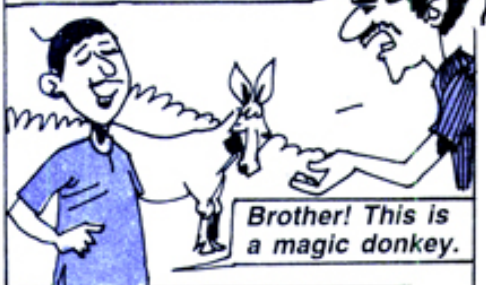
Remember! Don't say yee-awh to it in front of anybody!



Yes, yes!  
I'll remember.

WHEN RAMU REACHED HOME —

I told you to sell the cow, and you come back with a donkey! You fool!



Brother! This is a magic donkey.

AND HE TOLD SHYAMU ALL.



Yee-awh!

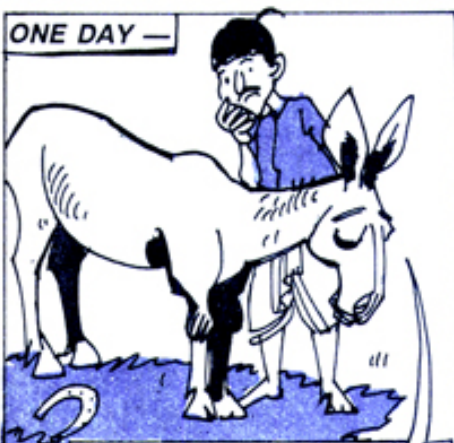
G-GOLD!

I am rich!  
I am rich!



SIMPLE RAMU LOOKED AFTER THE DONKEY WELL.

ONE DAY —



Oh, no! The donkey has lost a shoe! I'll take him to the black-smith.

AT THE BLACKSMITH'S —

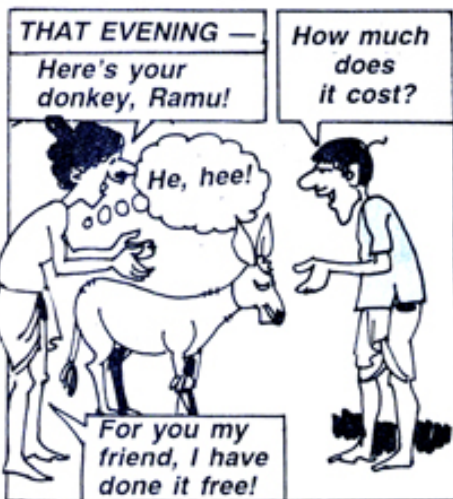
Leave him here. I'll fit his shoe by evening.



Very well. But don't ever say Yee-awh to him!

AND RAMU WENT AWAY.





SOON, RAMU AND SHYAMU REALIZED THAT THE DONKEY WOULD NOT GIVE GOLD ANYMORE.



SO RAMU WENT AWAY HAPPILY.

AT HOME —

Spread out!

Aah! A feast  
fit for a king!

ONE DAY —

Let's call the  
Raja for dinner!

Why not?  
I'll write  
to him today.

THUS THEY LIVED FOR MANY  
DAYS, WITHOUT HAVING TO  
WORK FOR THEIR LIVING.

THE RAJA OFTEN ATE WITH HIS  
SUBJECTS. HE ACCEPTED  
RAMU'S INVITATION.

AFTER THE DINNER —

I must  
have this  
magic cloth!

Have you no gift  
for me? I shall take  
this table-cloth then.

B-but.....

AND THE RAJA RODE  
AWAY.

RAMU WAS BACK, COMPLAINING  
TO THE SPARROW.

.....so Shyamu asked  
me to return to you  
for another gift.

Hmm!

Take this pumpkin.  
But never tell it  
'COME OUT'!

BACK HOME —

COME OUT!

Help!



A GROUP OF LITTLE SOLDIERS CAME OUT OF THE PUMPKIN AND BEGAN TO BEAT THE TWO. AT LAST —

Pant! Pant!  
Oooh! Ow!



RAMU PAID THE BLACKSMITH A VISIT.



...can you keep this safe for me tonight? I am going out of town this evening and will return tomorrow. But never say 'COME OUT' to it.

Aha!

THE NEXT MORNING —

Here are your possessions Ramu. I am sorry I stole your donkey.



RAMU THEN PAID THE RAJA A VISIT.



...so take this gift, Maharaj! But never say 'COME OUT' to it.

Aha!

I am pleased with you.

THE NEXT DAY —



RAMU WENT BACK TO THE SPARROW ONE LAST TIME.



....so I have come to return your gifts. Henceforth, I shall earn all my gifts!

END



# VIEWPOINT

Dear Editor,

This is with reference to the letter by B. S. Sanjay (February '92 issue). I disagree with his opinion about the Cauvery water issue. He has said that Karnataka state does not have excess water to send to Tamilnadu.

It is known that for the last 35 years or so, the people of Tamilnadu have been using about 377 T.M.C. of Cauvery water very year. And the tribunal judge has stated that Karnataka should give only 205 T.M.C. to Tamilnadu. I wonder why the Kannadigas should reject it and cause all sorts of problems and confusion.

After all, they need to give only less water than the they have been giving before.

**R. Kavita, IX-C,  
Alverina Matric School,  
Coimbatore.**

Dear Editor,

I would like to begin a new discussion in 'Viewpoint' — going back to old fashions.

I feel that it is better to get back to the fashions of the old days in all fields

Dear Editor,

I agree with Swarna. If a student is beaten by the teacher, will he realize his mistake? Once, a student was beaten so badly by his teacher that blood started flowing from his ear....

**B. Radhakrishnan, aged 12,  
Kendriya Vidyalaya - 1,  
Kalpakkam.**



Dear Editor,

I totally agree with Swarna (March '92 issue), that teachers should not beat students.

Teachers should be patient while correcting students. But there are some students who do things wantonly. But they too ought to be corrected not by beating, but by other means.

**S. Balaji,  
New Delhi - 110 002.**

Dear Editor,

I do not agree with Swarna (March '92 issue) that teachers should not beat children. There are some teachers who advise us when we do wrong. If we continue to do so, they beat us. Teachers are actually kind-hearted, and we should try to understand them too.

**Shilpashree, aged 12,  
Paper Town English School,  
Bhadravathi.**



so that our environment will become pure, and our way of living will not affect it. When I say 'old fashions' I do not mean *superstitious* beliefs.

There are so many positive values that can be taken from the way people lived all those years ago.

**J. Sujatha, aged 14,  
Coimbatore - 641 044.**

Dear Editor,

Old people living in India and other parts of the world are treated badly by their own children. When children become adults, they think that their parents become burdens. They think old people are a nuisance.

Why don't people realize that if they treat their parents like that, some day they too will have to face the same situation?

**B. Aruna, aged 14,  
St. Michael's Matric H.S.S.,  
Madras.**

*How right you are, Aruna! When we are children we love and respect our parents so much. Does it have to change when we grow up?* Ed.

Dear Editor,  
I agree with A. Subramani (March '92 issue). Boys are punished very harshly. But girls do not get the same punishment. When we question, we are told that girls are delicate and cannot bear the pain.

Boys have their own troubles, so do girls. So there are disadvantages as well as advantages in being a boy or a girl.

**G. Subhash, aged 11,  
Morning Star School,  
Gudalur.**

food we cannot survive.

**M. V. Srinivasan, aged 14,  
Bangalore - 560 082.**



Dear Editor,

I completely agree with A. Subramani.

Even in our society, a man is called a gentleman if he offers a seat to a lady in a bus. Why such privileges if there is so much stress on equality? Girls should experience even the disadvantages of equality.

Aaloka was unhappy over the cover picture of the November '91 issue (January '92 issue). Cooking food is not a job to be looked down upon. Without

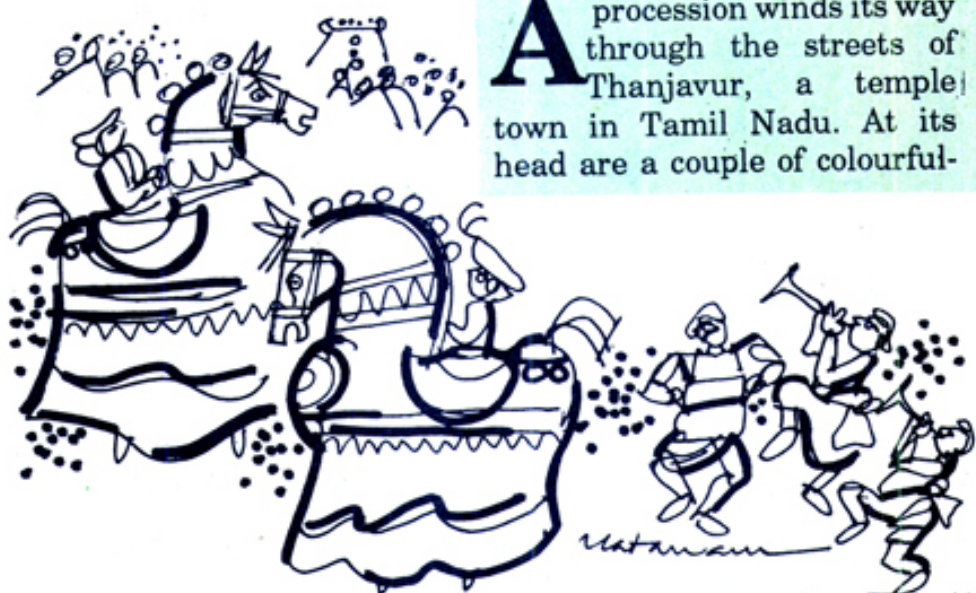
Dear Editor,

I do not agree with A. Subramani. It is not the girls' fault that they do not receive equal punishment. It is the fault of those who are giving the punishment. Girls, in many cases, are not even given education. Their parents are forced to give dowry, and they are ill-treated because of this. Do men get this kind of treatment?

**Anusha, aged 13,  
Bombay - 400 061.**

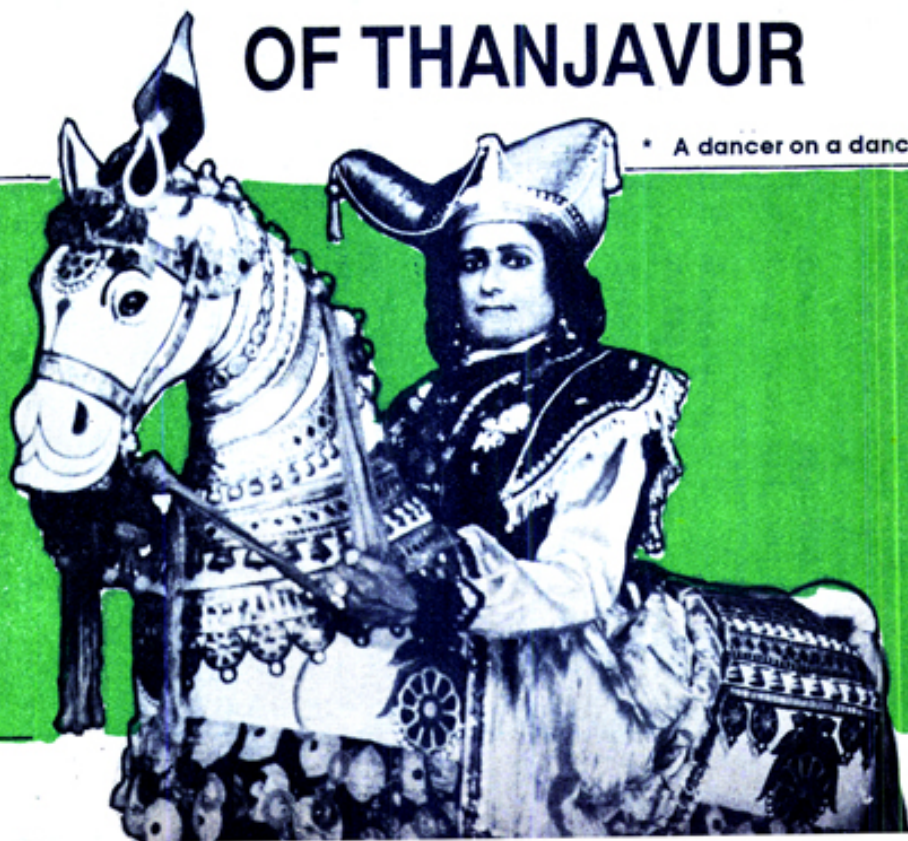


A procession winds its way through the streets of Thanjavur, a temple town in Tamil Nadu. At its head are a couple of colourful-



## THE DANCING 'HORSES' OF THANJAVUR

\* A dancer on a dancing 'ho





ly-dressed dancers on 'horses'. The *salangai* (anklets) jingle rythmically as they dance.

These are the dummy horse dancers of Tanjavur, an old, and novel art-form. Called *Poi\* Kaal\*\* Kudirai\*\*\** in Tamil (literally meaning, horse with false legs), this dance is usually performed during temple festivals.

### The Dance :

In the days gone by, these dancers acted out episodes from our mythology to traditional carnatic music. Today, the music is from films, and the dance has been adapted to suit this music.

The male dancers enact sword fights and fence, and the women dancers keep up the rythmn.

*Karagam* is also an important part of the troupe. Girls balance decorated brass pots over their heads and perform intricate dance steps. They even do difficult tricks such as bending over backwards and forwards without as much tilting the pots on their heads!

### The dummy horse :

Making these dummy horses is an art in itself. They are made of light wood and



\* The Karagam

decorated with beads, glass and glittering brocade. The horse's face is painted on realistically. Two human legs are also painted on the sides of the horse, to show the dancer 'sitting' on the saddle!

*But where are the dancer's real legs?*

They of course, form the false legs of the dummy horse that gives this dance its name.

Two stilts are provided within the frame of the dummy horse. The dancer firmly places his legs on these. Just imagine - he has to dance on these stilts!

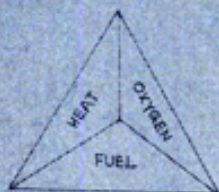
The dummy horse is then firmly fastened to the waists of the dancers with the help of belts.

\* false \*\* leg \*\*\* horse



## UNDERSTANDING FIRE

**W**hen something is burning, we say there is a fire. In fact, fire is a chemical reaction involving three ingredients :



1. Fuel (something that burns)
2. Oxygen (something that supports ignition)
3. Heat (something that ignites)

When the three ingredients come together, a fire starts. The three ingredients form a triangle called the Fire Triangle. If we remove any one of these, the fire will stop.

**L**et us take the example of a lighted candle. When you light a candle, the oxygen in the room helps the candle to burn freely. The wick and the wax from the candle provide the fuel. The flame generates the heat to keep it burning. To put out the candle-flame, we can :

### POETRY



### THE WOODCUTTER

**W**oodcutter, woodcutter,  
Cut the tree,  
Over the mountains,  
Up the stream.

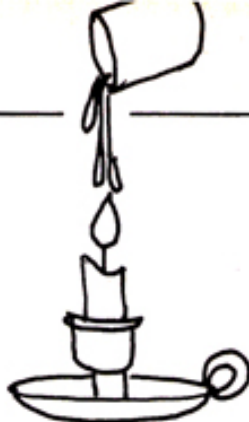
**W**oodcutter, woodcutter,  
Cut the wood and,  
Throw it over the mountains  
Down the stream.

**W**oodcutter, woodcutter,  
How much do you want?  
For cutting the wood and,  
Throwing it over the mountain  
Down the stream.

**Vikram,**  
Madras - 600 032.







1) Pour water on the candle. The flame will go out. This is because the water has removed the heat. This method of putting off the fires is called *cooling*.



2) Cover it with a glass tumbler. After some time the

flame will go out. This is because you have cut off the oxygen supply. This method of putting out fires is called *smothering*.



3) Let the candle continue burning. When the wax is finished the candle will go out. This is because the fuel supply has been cut off. This method of putting out fires is called *starvation*.

**T**o put out fires in different materials, different methods and substances are employed. Fires in ordinary solids are extinguished by using water.

If a pan of oil is on fire, do not pour water on it, as it may explode, spraying hot oil. The best thing to do is to cover the pan with a non-combustible lid. Gas fires are very difficult to deal with, and are controlled by stopping the leak. If an electric gadget is on fire, first switch off the supply before trying to put out the fire.

There are various ways of fighting a fire. However, the best method would be not to have one in the first place!

**A free safety information service from :**

**Loss Prevention  
Association of India Ltd.**

# ANSWER

Page 20

|   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| K | A | Z | A | K | H | S | T | A | N | A | U | T |
| L | I | T | H | U | A | N | I | A | A | Z | K | U |
| N | R | R | A | I | G | R | O | E | G | E | R | R |
| A | P | R | G | A | K | A | L | T | M | R | A | K |
| T | O | N | Y | H | W | E | E | K | C | B | I | M |
| S | R | T | A | J | I | K | I | S | T | A | N | E |
| I | T | R | A | J | A | Z | A | T | R | I | A | N |
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| E | S | T | O | N | I | A | E | A | S | A | V | S |
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| T | A | I | S | S | U | R | O | L | E | Y | B | A |

# QUIZ



I

1. Which is the largest gland in the human body?
2. What is *coryza*?
3. Which blood group is called the 'universal donor'?

**R. Rajni, aged 12,  
Pondicherry - 605 004**

II

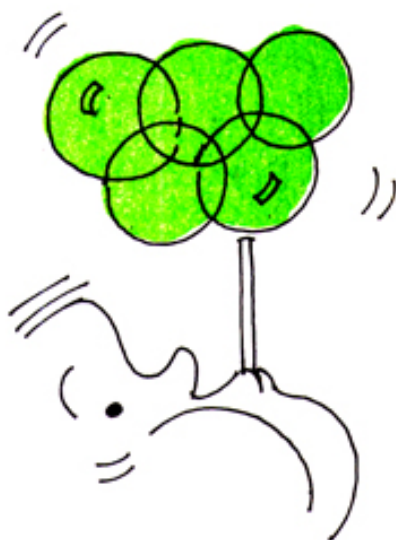
1. Which international leader received the *Bharat Ratna* in 1990?
2. Which is the biggest state in India?
3. Which is the biggest desert in the world?

**N.L. Supriya,  
Ojire.**



III

1. What do the five rings on the Olympic Games' flag represent?
2. Which city in the U.S.A. is referred to as Bombay's sister city?



3. Which country is the largest exporter of teak in the world?

**A. Vani, aged 14,  
Madras - 600 017**

IV

1. Name the currency of Greece.
2. Which country was previously known as *Siam*?





3. Which country is called the *Land of the Maple Leaf*?

**S. Pradeep Subramanian,**  
Kerala - 673 006

## V

1. Which is the largest river in Europe?

2. Which is the national flower of Japan?

**K. Sumitha, Std. VIII,**  
Vana Vani H.S.S.,  
Madras.

## VI

1. Name the creator of SNOOPY.

2. Which country is referred to as the *Golden Peninsula*?



*Kala:*

When you compile a quiz and send it to us, please do not forget to add your age and address to your name.

3. Which bird is referred to as the *laughing jackass*?

**V. Ramaswamy, aged 12,**  
Coimbatore - 640 018



## VII

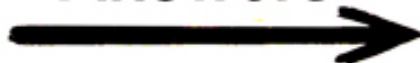
1. What is a male chicken called?

2. What is the name of the river Brahmaputra in Tibet?

3. What do we call a group of stars?

**S. Murali, aged 13,**  
Holy Family High School,  
Bombay.

# Answers



# QUIZ

## ANSWERS

### I

1. The liver
2. Common cold!
3. Blood group 'O'

### II

1. Nelson Mandela
2. Madhya Pradesh
3. The Sahara

### III

1. They represent the five continents of the world
2. Los Angeles
3. Burma

### IV

1. Drachma
2. Thailand
3. Canada

### V

1. The Volga
2. Chrysanthemum

### VI

1. Charles Schultz
2. Thailand
3. Kokoobura

### VII

1. A rooster
2. Tsangpo
3. A constellation

“The first rank in our class, goes to Avantika again!” announced Mrs. Bony Thomas, the class teacher of VIII-D.

“Congratulations Avantika!” she smiled.

“Thank you, miss,” answered Avantika, and returned the smile, which one person in the class thought, was a proud one.

Well, the one who thought this, was Anne, the second ranker of VIII-D. Anne had known Avantika for years, and was her best friend. But she had always thought Avantika too proud.

“Anne!” Avantika called, rushing towards her. Seeing her sitting in the last bench with a gloomy face she asked, “Anne, are you not happy with my success?” And without waiting, for an answer she continued, “I knew I would do it! There is no one in this class who can beat me!”

“You can’t say that Avantika!” Anne replied coldly. “There is someone in this class who can beat you.”

“Well you said the same, last time too,” said Avantika. “But you refused to tell me who she is.”

“I’ll tell you when the time comes,” said Anne, and she moved away.



# THE BOAST!

**I**t was too much for her. Hadn't she stopped herself from going to play, just to study? What was the use? She asked her mother the same.

"All can't get the first rank, can they Anne? Work harder in the subject in which you're weak," said her mother encouragingly.

Then Anne started her studies in earnest. She worked so hard that even her parents were surprised.

Soon the half-yearly exams came and went. That day the results were to be announced.

"I know, I'll get the first rank this time too," boasted Avantika.

But....

"This time, girls, you have a surprise," announced Mrs. Bony Thomas. The first ranker is Anne and the second ranker is Avantika!"

**A**nne and Avantika could not believe their ears! Anne was too overjoyed to react, and Avantika was too shocked to react!

Congratulations were showered on Anne.

"Avantika! Didn't I say that someone would beat you? Well



now you know who it is!" Anne told Avantika.

"I am very sorry, Anne," said Avantika slowly. "I must have hurt you so many times. Now I know how you feel. Will you continue to be my friend?"

"Of course, I will!" answered Anne smiling. "We'll continue to be best friends! "But now I guess it is my turn to boast!" she teased.

"Gosh! I must have been unbearable!" laughed Avantika. "Boasting all the time about how nobody can beat me!"

Both ran out of the class happily, to have their lunch.

**J. Rachel Joy,  
Madras - 28.**

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*In the shades of a cool forest,  
which no human-eye can see.*

*We flock together,  
Safe from all enemies!*





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